November 1918 THE Twenty Cents

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THE NOVEMBER
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Volume 13 1918 Number 11

A Friend of America

Talks with a Russian schoolmaster

By Ernest Poole

Author of "The Harbor," "The Dark People," etc.

HERE is a fresh message from the heart of a Russian. This simple man represents millions and millions of his own people—those who live in countless little villages and work on the land as small farmers and laborers. He and his kind are like ourselves; this might be a fine, pioneer school-teacher of America talking. If such people are helped to make themselves felt in Russia the future of that country is secure. Mr. Poole has visited Russia more than once, the last time in 1917. His impressions are to be published in a book entitled, "The Village." This article, somewhat extended, will appear as one of the chapters.

IN THE summer of 1917 I visited a Russian friend some distance east from Petrograd. We wandered over the country and had long talks with the peasants, who told us what the Great Revolution meant to them. Their point of view, it seems to me, was doubly important because the peasants form the vast majority, and in the end the whole future of Russia depends on their will and desires.

Most significant and hopeful of all was a series of talks with an old country school-teacher, whose weather-beaten frame house stood on a high river bluff. He wore a loose, white cotton blouse and sandals. His lean, brown body was like that of a supple, muscular youngster. Mostly he talked to us while working in his yard or over his tools or fish-nets. Across the river, high on a hill, stood a big schoolhouse, dominating the neighborhood like a fortress. He had built it. He said:

"I was born in 1865, in a village near Riga. My father was a peasant and kept the village store. I went to school in the village, later to the high school, and then to Petrograd to a training school for teachers, graduating at eighteen and returning to teach school in this province. The peasants were hostile to schools then; but I thought, 'I will show them how a school can help the lives of children and parents, too. I will make my school the very head and centre of the neighborhood.' I had big thoughts when I was young.

"First of all I wanted to prove to them "

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value of working together, so I started a coöperative bee-hive association. It succeeded. I followed with other coöperative farming undertakings, and all prospered. The children helped in the work, so I had a splendid chance to mould their minds before they should harden and narrow into the ignorant ways and the sharp suspicions that prevailed among the peasants.

"Unhappily the inspector of schools, who had been liberal and of great support to me, was replaced by a man who considered me a dangerous reformer. I was transferred to this neighborhood, to a school even more humble than the other. But I began the same kind of work; and the village priest was prompt to give me his help.

"I needed it, for the peasants were drunkards and not overly clean. With the priest's help and some money of my own, we took two dessiatines (about five acres) of land, and started our gardens, our orchard, and our bee-hives. I kept some of the children with me all summer, those from a distance living with me. Some of them came from homes where the parents were drunk about half the week and all was ignorance and filth. At school these children learned how much better life could be, and what they learned they carried home. So the work of the school began to spread and after three years the attitude of the peasants changed.

"The Revolution of 1905 helped. Many peasant deputies were elected then to the Duma, and the people in the villages felt that they had a voice in the land and must learn to use it well, in order to get the land reforms that they desired so deeply. Many peasants began to read, but they read only books about the land. I still had to prove to them that all books were directly helpful.

"We had increased our farm to more than twelve dessiatines (about 32 acres) when a sudden misfortune came. The owners of the land refused to renew the lease. Without warning we had to move to a plot of Government land. We transplanted all we could from our gardens and orchards, but the season was wrong and nearly all we had was lost. The new soil was poor, and the money I borrowed to buy fertilizer was wasted. So my school farm was bankrupt. I had to start all over again.

A Russian family of the prosperous peasant class. Three million Russian men have been killed in the war, and two million more have died of disease and starvation

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"There had grown in me an idea for building a larger school where, in addition to class-rooms, there should be shops of all kinds. One day I read how, in the United States, they were building big schoolhouses even where there were as yet few children. How splendid, I thought, to have a school so large, that there never could be a chance that any child would be crowded out!

"Though I had not a kopeck, I made drawings. I drew the plans over and over again, for it took me eight years to get money enough to start to build. From my salary and from my school fund I saved about three hundred rubles. That was the beginning. The priest, the tall, ragged priest, taught me many tricks for begging money. What a man of dreams he was, and how we planned for the neighborhood! The world sees few men with a genius like his. In twenty years he burned out his life—that is the way with some Russians—but what light he shed and what fun he had! 'School of life,' he called my school. We drew up a subscription list. I begged the landowners and merchants to subscribe and knocked the idea into their heads at last. Some gave cash, others promised building materials free of charge—all on condition that the Government approve, for every man was afraid of offending the old régime or of being considered a dangerous progressive.

"I made a trip to Petrograd, and the Ministry of Education at last consented to grant me a credit of four thousand rubles for the work. That caused a great sensation and immediately there was rivalry among the merchants and local dignitaries to help. An iron merchant became so furious at his rivals that he offered to finish the whole job with his own money if his portrait could be hung in the principal room with the motto, 'Here is the creator of this school.' I knew that this would make all other donors arise in rage, so I had to beg the necessary sum in small amounts.

"At last the building was finished. It was not what I had dreamed of, for the plans had changed from time to time according to the amount of money we had. It had taken eleven years in all, and I had written so many letters that when I weighed them just for fun they tipped the scale at thirty-seven pounds. Still, it had been a pretty good job.

"But then a joke was played on me. I had built a school so large that the authorities in Petrograd decided that the teacher must be a very intelligent man with full university training. They sent such a fellow, and I dropped out and went to a town some distance away where I got a teacher's job more fitted to my ability.

"I had planned a central-heating plant in the basement, with steam boilers. This was to have run a dynamo, too, to supply the school with plenty of light in the long, dark winter. The man in charge was to have had the older boys as his helpers and they would have learned about steam and electrical power—so that when they grew up they would demand and know how to use the steam tractors and other machines that we need on our farms. I wanted special teachers there for everything—blacksmiths, carpenters, basket-weavers.

"Well! Then they put me out, before my work was started. But now I mean to start all over again here, with a small agricultural school of my own. Our people have many talents and among them are great natural teachers and with their help I shall build my new school.

A Message to America from A Russian School-teacher

OUR peasants should learn of America. This is a most important point. Every school should teach English, every library should have a good stock of English and American books, to offset the ones that the Germans are sending us as gifts. I tell you their agents have gone about for years to village libraries and schools. Those fellows are zealots; they work day and night. Have you no such zealots in your land? Why don't you send them over here. If you believe in liberty as the Germans believe in their devil's Kultur, you will come over here by the thousands and prove your belief by the things you do. You had a great man, Lincoln. You should make his story known in every schoolhouse. Each time that a German speaks of his Kaiser, one of your people should be on the spot to say: '*Now, brothers, let me tell you of a great American peasant. Abraham Lincoln was his name.*'"

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"It is practical work we need. I want to have some exhibit here as an ally to my school, something that will prove to the eye what progress and real science can bring to the life of a village. There is no use in preaching to Russian peasants. You must prove everything by deeds.

"The lack of practical teaching is to blame for the slow progress of our country schools. What a scheme for popular education was started all over Russia in 1874! The Town Councils and the Zemstvos (district legislatures) composed of well-meaning, liberal men, prepared a truly colossal plan, but it was unpractical. The funds were misused and the teachers' salaries were so small that the instructors were poor specimens. The peasants soon lost interest.

"Some fiercely hoped for better lives for their children and drove their boys to the schools, hoping that they might learn to be town clerks or get better treatment in the military service. But the girls were kept at home. And that held back the whole nation, for when you educate a boy it is only one man you are training, but when you instruct a girl you are moulding a whole family, for everything she has learned she will gradually teach her children.

"So the work went blindly on. Since 1905, with the impetus the First Revolution gave, there has been a speeding-up, and much has been accomplished. But, nevertheless, we are left with the bulk of the problem still facing us. How can our schools be made centres of real education in all the ways and means by which a free people raises its standards of working and of living?

"As yet the Government has made no important steps. In the Ministry of Education there is a school committee, I hear, but I fear the members are quite blinded by their own elaborate programme in which the big fundamental ideas are lost in a maze of detail.

"They should take on practical men, fellows who come right out of real life—mining engineers, for example, and agricultural experts and leaders from the large industries. Only by such men can there be drawn up a real practical programme for the schools of Russia. Instead of that, they plan to hold soon a colossal congress of teachers and there will be many specialists there. 'Round and 'round the ideas will go—like very dry leaves in a whirlwind!

"I propose to build a school so small that it can be copied by any little village for a score of children. No more help from the Government—I shall build it at my own expense. The wall space will be free from portraits of benefactors. Instead of their dull faces, we shall have maps of

A Russian peasant's home—house, barn, and outbuildings all adjoining. It is the people that live in such houses who need, and should have, the abundant help of America

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There are thousands of villages like this one — a street of peasant homes — scattered over Russia, and it is the people in these villages who must be taught the German danger

America and other foreign countries, and pictures of fine model farms."

He turned abruptly to my friend. "I should like this little farm-school to be a coöperative affair. Why not make it a part of that larger scheme of coöperative farming that you and I and those two other peasants are planning to start? I will contribute this field of mine and the children will contribute their labor. You others will contribute your horses and farm machines and whatever other labor we need. You and I and the children will divide the produce. I shall make the children keep a strict account of all the profits, for unless the peasants can see clearly all the advantages to be gained, they will never take our new idea. Most Russian peasants keep no accounts. We must teach the new generation the value of real management."

I told him of similar schools in America. When I spoke of the experiment in Gary, Indiana, he was greatly excited.

"That's it!" he cried. "The 'school of life'! It is what I have been working out. What a wonderful thing it is to hear that men in other lands have been traveling right along the same road! I tell you, when this war is done, all the school-teachers in the world must promptly get in touch with each other! I wonder how long it would take me to learn to read English! I must read all about this work myself; I want to read whole books about it. This fall and winter I shall learn English. As soon as you send me the books I shall be able to read them. Of course, we must not blindly swallow the whole American scheme. We shall take from it only what is adaptable to our Russian life."

"Why don't you make your plan international?" I suggested. "Let me put in a few hundred rubles and become the American partner in your coöperation." He leaped up and gripped my hand. The silver spectacles dropped off his nose, and swung by their black cord at his waist, as he talked with rapid gestures.

"This is the last stone we needed! Now we can lay the foundations at once! Gentlemen, goodnight! It is my wife who owns this land, and she has the money, too. I must not let her get to sleep. I must talk this out with her."

"I talked to my wife half the night," he told us next day, "and everything is settled. We have decided to call it The Coöperative Farming School. I could not sleep; so at sunrise I went to those two other peasants, and they have agreed to contribute labor, horses, and tools. You shall do the same, and your friend from America shall put in some money. A very little

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suffice. Let him hold one of our twenty shares —just enough to prove the interest of his country. I know these peasants well. As soon as the word goes around that we have an American partner, they will nod their heads and say, 'This is a big thing, brothers.' And they will all be trying to get their children into our school. The local village merchants will grow green with envy. But we will not take their money. We want no benefactors here!"

"Still," I proposed maliciously, "if I am to be a partner, don't you think you might hang up in the school a good big American portrait"—I paused, and the teacher eyed me with sharp uneasiness and dismay—"of Abraham Lincoln?" I ended. Instantly his expression cleared.

"Excellent! We must take only a few children at first, about thirty at most. Some shall live with us—for we are childless and are getting old; we want to see a few children growing up right before our eyes. So we shall keep them here all year. In the winter we shall study from books, and the rest of the year we shall work in the fields and in the woods and down on the river.

"I tell you if such education had been spread in Russia thirty years ago, there would not have been war or the need of a revolution. Russia would have been so strong that Germany would not have dared to start a war of conquest.

"As it is, we must do all we can to help defeat the Germans. All over Russia we must teach. 'War or slavery!' we must say. No matter what confusion, shame, and ruin shall befall—the whole nation toppling down—still we must work on and on. 'War or slavery!' we must say, in every village, every hut—until at last the peasants rise. It will be a long job, brothers. You Americans must understand that you have years of blood before you, and that whether you win or lose will depend on whether Germany can recruit her armies here. We have twelve million fighting men. Two million may decide this war—one, two, three years from now. Who shall get them? You or Germany? That decision rests with you.

"If I were an American I would say: 'By the love of Christ and Liberty, these Russians shall be made our friends! By our deeds we will make them understand.' The German agents all over Russia are whispering: 'These Americans are money hogs. They have joined with England to build a world power that shall grab all the richest lands of the earth. They want to make you fight their war while they crush your revolution, so that their millionaires may be free to go on with their looting of mankind.' Such lies are being believed by our peasants, who are blind and weary of war. Remember, three million of our men have been killed, and two million more of our young men have died of starvation and disease. Be patient, friendly, careful, kind. You must act in such a way that, while you fight the Germans among us, you will make us understand that you are our brothers, with no wish to interfere with our will to be free. Brothers of liberty you must be. Only so can the war be won.

"After that, education all over Russia! And then no more bloody wars in the world. In twenty years we shall have at least two hundred million people here, and they will all be for peace. They will be as your people were—too busy with their inner growth to be seeking foreign quarrels.

"I'll tell you one of the plans I have. It is to organize all the boys in companies and regiments. This was once done by Peter the Great, but only to make them slaves of his rule. I would plant in their minds the great idea of fighting and working together in a great free brotherhood which, when it spreads to other lands, would be ready to fight again and again for the liberties and the peace of mankind.

"At the start of the Revolution, the peasants in this district prepared to take over all the land of the private owners. And they said: 'We shall not pay them a kopeck. These fine barons robbed and exploited us for generations. Now it is our turn, brothers!' I said to them in answer: 'No injustice of the past can be righted by mere robbery now. The job is not so simple. Surely you must get more land, and the barons must give up what you need. But let us take time to find a way by which it can be done thoroughly. Let us make a good job of it.'

"Some of the peasants listened and grew more moderate in tone. And since then more and more of them have come to my point of view. If, in their present ignorant state, the peasants seize the land, about half of it will suffer from lack of good cultivation; and so the crops would soon decrease and there would be famine all over Russia. Before they are fit to own all the land, the peasants must learn, first, modern farming—how to get the most out of the soil; and second, to work for the good of all. At present they are as suspicious of each other as gray wolves. By practical teaching they must be shown what the Revolution means.

"I believe that the people should own all the land. Let them, little by little, take it away from those who now have more than enough. And, meanwhile, our new Government should introduce heavy taxes upon capital of all kinds, that will slowly, year by year, cut into all private fortunes and so lead to equality. But money taken from the rich must be used so to raise the

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level of all that the rich will not suffer by the change.

"The main danger will come from Berlin. The Germans will never leave us alone. Their rulers know that if they allow us to grope our way through the darkness now, we shall reach a day of freedom so splendid that it will flood Europe like the sun, and autocracy will slink from the earth.

"The man is blind who does not see that more blood must flow in Russia. Never mind what they do in Petrograd. I tell you it is a whirlpool there and it will keep sucking down the people. But here in the village it is not so. We shall never make peace with that gang in Berlin. If they come and try to take our grain, we will fight, I tell you, we will fight—not in a great army, but in small bands of resolute men who know the country, know where to hide in the forest and where to strike from the high river bank. We shall be like wasps all over Russia, stinging those great hogs from Berlin when they try to root out the food which we have hidden in the ground. They will be forced to take by violence all the grain they get from us, and they will do such murder here as will put an end forever to any chance of our friendship.

"So we shall go on to the end. But at last, when the war is won, we must do much more than that. We must find out both the good and the bad things that have made the Germans strong. The bad we must root out of the world, but all that is good we must hold as tight as a man grips his plow upon rough ground—for only so can we make the earth rich to yield a new life for the children. I speak not of Germany alone. We must get the good from all countries, especially from their villages.

"In this village I watch the people, and I feel a deep, strong power here. It is the power of daily life. It has been strained to the breaking point in the big towns and cities; but out here in the villages the daily life of men goes on. It is like a vast reservoir containing all that men and women have done day and night for thousands of years—what they have wanted, hoped and dreamed. And this is what we must build on.

A type of the peasant class from Central Russia. A vast majority of the Russian population is made up of this peasant class, and on them must depend ultimately the fate of Russia

"I, myself, am a country teacher. There must be millions of us in the world. Every teacher everywhere must watch his people closely and try to help them climb a hill where they can see out over the earth. This is hard for them to do. Their lives are cramped. So it is, I believe, in all lands. When they reach the top of the hill, they scowl in the blinding sun. And they ask, 'Where are you, brothers? And what have we done? Why have we killed each other? We were driven to it like sheep, by the crime that was started in Berlin. Now it is time to rise like men, and talk together, find out what we really want. We want richer lives, better homes, and finer schools. You must tell us how you live—all your latest ideas in farming and in schools. We must see each other clearly, and we must find how to stop all wars. Not by a whirlpool of chatter like that going on in Petrograd, but by hard, slow work and learning, we must climb the long road to a better world.

"I say that the teacher can help the people learn. But to be successful, he must stay down in the village, help the peasant mend his plow and help the housewife mend her stove. For only when the teachers live deep down in the life of the people can we ever dare to hope that the people will climb up the hill. We must set to work in a practical way and, basing all our planning on the power of daily life, we must build a new world through the children, so slowly that you will never be able to say to yourself, 'Now it is here!'"

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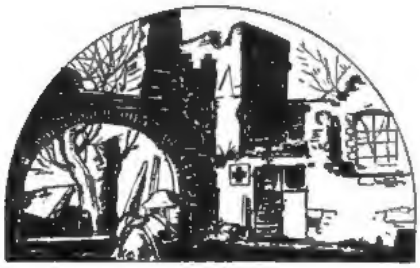
First on the Honor Roll

Lieutenant Edward Michael McKey, of the American Red Cross, killed June 16, 1918, while on duty at San Bernardi, Piave

By William R. Hereford



LIEUTENANT McKEY was a distinguished artist and a brave man. He was an ardent worker for the Red Cross among the Italians he knew and loved so well. He lived long in France and Italy and was known as a portrait painter in both countries. Lieutenant McKey and his two sisters, all artists, were living in Paris when the Great War broke out. He helped organize the first American Ambulance Corps in August, 1914.

Miss McKey writes, in response to a question from the editor: "When my brother reached the hospital on August 29th, of the many men registered for service only ten appeared. Of these only one was a mechanic or knew anything about cars. They were artists, musicians, writers, and students of the Beaux Arts. There was no trace of an ambulance, but in the court were ten Ford chassis received the day before. American initiative suggested that they use the packing cases that the cars were in to build the ambulance tops. So those ten boys took those cases, and with their own hands built an ambulance a day for ten days. It is a strange fact that those first ambulances were so well planned that they were later adopted as the model for the British and French army ambulances and, with improvements, are running on most of the battle fronts of Europe. On the tenth day they started for the Marne; and were the first convoy on the field. I have often heard him say the horrors of the Marne could not be told. At the end of a week they were still getting men who had lain on stretchers eight days."

In 1917, Lieutenant McKey went into active service on the Italian front, designed and built the first rolling kitchens, and took them to the Asiago Plateau. For some time he was the sole representative of America on a long front. From two kitchens he served hot meals to 4,500 men a day.

IN A war-time cemetery just behind the Piave line, where in long rows lie brave and honored Italians who have made the supreme sacrifice for our common cause, the third grave in the second row to the right, as one enters the inner gate, is marked by an American flag. It is the resting place of Lieutenant Edward Michael McKey, the first American Red Cross officer to fall on the soil of Italy. He is there among the soldiers he served, among his friends whose fate he has shared.

Lieutenant McKey was killed on June 16, 1918, during the series of battles which turned the Austrian offensive into a brilliant Italian victory. At the time he was in charge of American Red Cross Rolling Canteen No. 1. It served the men as they came from the trenches. The Italian army had forced back the invaders, and McKey had gone forward a little with two Italian officers to select, with their advice, a more advanced post for his canteen, when a shell of large calibre fell, killing him instantly, but injuring

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neither of the Italian officers who stood near him. Even in the midst of battle he was tenderly cared for, for he had made himself beloved to his Italian associates. It was they who telegraphed the news to the Red Cross field headquarters, and the next day the fallen officer was placed in the little cemetery near where he had died.

McKey went to Italy with the Permanent Commission of the Red Cross last December. He had seen service with the American Field Ambulance in France and had won the *Croix de Guerre* for meritorious conduct under fire. When the rolling canteen service was established in Italy by the Red Cross, the first command fell quite naturally to McKey; and for a while he was located in the mountains, almost buried in snow, but writing to headquarters happy, enthusiastic letters about the service he was able to render the men who were fighting so bravely for Italy.

His next station was in one of the valleys of the highest strategic importance. It was a narrow, shut-in cañon difficult of access, but McKey found a place for his canteen on the side of the cut-in road in the very face of the enemy's gun which, from the summit of the mountain, dominated the pass. The post was a perilous one, for shells fell daily there; at times the Austrians tried to break through, but they were always repulsed.

Here Lieutenant McKey rendered such gallant service that the colonel in command sent a special telegram to headquarters in Rome, asking that he should remain where he was and not be sent to any other station.

When late spring caused even greater activity, the position of McKey's kitchen grew untenable and, at the order of the Italian commanding officer, it was moved a little farther down into the valley. The change came just in time, for the following day a shell fell on the very spot where the Red Cross kitchen had been located.

Hard work had told on McKey's physique but not on his spirits. He became ill and was sent to a hospital, but refused to report the fact to Rome until his absence from his work made it absolutely necessary. Later he was taken to Rome

An American Red Cross rolling canteen in Milan. It was from this kind of a movable kitchen that Lieutenant McKey (standing at extreme right) fed thousands of Italian soldiers during the Austrian offensive of last June

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Lieutenant McKey and his Italian soldier friends, who loved and respected him for his quiet goodfellowship, unfailing spirits, and dauntless courage

for convalescence and when he grew stronger again he asked, realizing the approach of the long-heralded offensive, that he be allowed the honor of commanding a kitchen at a point selected by himself where he thought the fighting would probably be severest. It was at this point, which he had chosen, that he was serving when he met his death. The risk that he ran is shown by the fact that the day after he was killed a shell entirely demolished his kitchen.

Lieutenant McKey leaving Milan for the front. He won the Croix de Guerre while serving in the American Field Ambulance in France, and is the first American Red Cross officer to fall on the field of honor in Italy

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It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the work that this single American Red Cross officer was able to do. Stationed as he was with the Italian troops long before the arrival in Italy of American soldiers, McKey represented the American army to hundreds, even thousands, of Italian fighting men. He loved Italy, and knew it well. He loved its scenery as an artist, in which career in civil life he had gained a deserved reputation, and had a deep admiration for the people.

Lieutenant McKey's quiet goodfellowship, his unfailing spirits, and his splendid courage made him beloved and respected by the men of all the regiments with whom his work brought him in contact.

To McKey's shack there went, in winter and summer, an average of more than a thousand men a day, and he was always there, with a cheerful word to greet them and with a message of encouragement as they left for the trenches. He knew, as well as any one could know, the risks that he ran; but he measured, with the carefulness of a thoughtful, mature officer who was used to war, the value of the work that he was doing, and he stood ready to make any sacrifice, together with the men he served, for the common cause to which they were pledged.

Where Are *Thy* Wounds?

By Henry C. Walker

SO MANY graves on Europe's battle front;
So many heroes who have borne the brunt,
Suffered, and died in mortal, bitter pain,
Their lives our peace to gain——
Where are *thy* wounds?

With no complaining voice,
Valiant, they made their choice,
All that they had they gave
Peoples unborn to save——
Where are *thy* wounds?

When the Great Day shall dawn;
When Victory greets the morn,
Pause lest grave spirits rise,
Viewing their sacrifice,
Asking with scornful eyes,
"Where are *thy* wounds?"

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With the American Red Cross in Italy

One of the aims of the Red Cross is to enable the poor and needy to learn a trade by which they will gain their own livelihood. It maintains several schools where children are taught a useful trade—carpentry in this picture—and thus become self-supporting in a short time

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A map showing points of American Red Cross work in Italy. Some idea of its tremendous sweep, which extends from the front line in the north to the southernmost point of the country, is here indicated. The Red Cross will spend $20,000,000 in Italy during the coming year, and this map shows how completely and thoroughly the work will be done

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When a troop train pulls into an Italian railroad station, members of a canteen unit are always on hand with food and drink, just as they are at home in the United States. These are the canteen workers at the Ancona station

A crowd of Garibaldian veterans in Milan acting as a guard of honor to several hundred children that the American Red Cross is sending out of the hot city for a day in the country

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Canteens are maintained in most of the big cities where soldiers, going to and coming from the front, may get a warm meal at all times. This canteen is in Naples

The poor children of a tuberculosis home in Turin contributing their pennies to the American Red Cross

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The American troops in Genoa, on their first landing in Italy, were met by representatives of the American Red Cross, and supplied with many comforts. A base hospital was set up at the main American cantonment. The soup kitchens of the Red Cross are seen in the right foreground

A surgical-dressing warehouse in Rome. Like a huge spider-web, the warehouses of the American Red Cross cover Italy Each department has its own warehouse, receiving goods from the big central station in Rome and distributing them to the smaller, nearby towns

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A kindergarten school at Monteforte. The Department of Civilian Affairs in Italy has under its charge 21,983 children in 142 cities and towns. They are cared for in 95 schools, 23 health centers, 6 orphanages, and 22 summer colonies

The Italian soldiers, on their way to the front, line up before a Red Cross soup kitchen to get a steaming bowl of their favorite "minestra," second only in popularity to macaroni. This kitchen is in Villa San Giovanni, Calabria

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The Color-Sergeant

By Frazier Hunt

Illustrated by J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IT WAS toward the end of the long, hot, dusty hike and the Negro doughboys were tired and foot-weary. Since half past seven o'clock that morning they had been marching along hard, white stone roads, their feet kicking up dust clouds as thick and white as fog.

Ahead, and in the valley slightly below them, they could see the tall church spire and the buildings of the little city that marked the end of their day's march. They would be billeted there for the night and then, early in the morning, they would continue marching toward the front.

"Jes' guess I'll give these heah folks a look at 'a Stars an' Stripes," Color-Sergeant J. Henry Dawson announced, mostly to himself. "I reckon as how maybe these Frenchies ain't nevah seen dis heah flag o' mine."

So J. Henry, without losing step, slipped off the waterproof cover from the standard and shook out the flag before the slight breeze. Then he raised the butt of the staff and sank it in the leather socket of his belt.

Behind in the straggling line some rich voice swung into "Roll, Jordan, Roll." In half a minute the song had gone up and down the tired column, swaying and swinging like a great, magic echo with the marching men. It is the wonder song for black soldiers—deep, colorful, religious, simple. I remembered, as if it had been but yesterday, another regiment of colored troopers singing it at dusk as they marched by; and it had thrilled me as some great mystic, beautiful thing that was half of God and half of man. That had been six months earlier, in safe America: this was in France, and every roll of the song carried these men nearer and nearer to the unknown dangers of war and battle.

There was a pause in the singing and then, from away overhead, came the distant hum of an airplane. For the minute it broke the spell of the music, and the colored troopers slowed their pace while their eyes tried to pick out the tiny moving speck in the sky.

Like some swift bird it pointed toward the

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In half a minute the song—"Roll, Jordan, Roll"—had gone up and down the tired column

column. A white officer took out his glasses and focused them on the plane: the uneven *hum-m-m—hum-m-m—hum-m-m-m* of the motor had warned him that it might be a Boche machine. For a half minute he followed it; then he saw the German military cross painted on its tail. And now it seemed certain that it would sweep over the marching men.

For months the army had been full of strange yarns of battle planes that had sailed low over troops and mowed them down with close-range machine-gun fire. The officer, watching the machine, thought of these stories. His column, choking the narrow road, would make an easy target.

"Every man fall out, scatter and seek any cover!" he ordered.

Like frightened rabbits the colored soldiers obeyed, scurrying from the road to a waving wheat field, their olive drab uniforms merging in color with the ripened grain. In a half minute the road was empty except for a single soldier. He was carrying an unfurled American flag and he was stalking straight ahead.

"Drop that flag and get under cover!" the officer shouted.

But J. Henry kept on. "I ain't goin' a run away with this heah flag of mine from no Germans, Cap'n," he said, half to himself. "I wanta show 'em birds what a real flag am. Look a', you baby killers! Look a' these heah Stars and Stripes!"

For a second it seemed that the heavy plane, now less than a thousand feet directly above the road, poised as if to dart down. Then, apparently changing its mind, it turned and flew swiftly away toward home.

Two minutes later the men were called back to their marching. They were silent and awed. here was a new miracle they had just witnessed that they could add to their faith in their flag. And it was something definite and tangible that they had seen with their own eyes.

Far ahead, J. Henry was still commenting to himself on his beloved standard. He, most of all, knew its magic power.

For a half mile the tired column trudged silently, steadfastly on. Then some mellow baritone swung again into the familiar, "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and soon two hundred weary, footsore troopers were singing it.

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Human Documents

Out of the field work of the Red Cross

A Typical Red Cross Report

By Major Robert Davis

THE intensity of the German offensive, in March, 1918, broke on a front of 34 miles. Bisecting this front and just to the south of it lies Compiègne.

Compiègne was the gate through which the torrents of men poured forward and back. Compiègne was the point at which many groups of American and English, who had admirably occupied the devastated provinces, gathered for temporary shelter. Compiègne was the logical spot for the general relief headquarters of the American Red Cross.

When the Red Cross, under the direction of the head of the Military Affairs Department and the Inspector General, commenced its work, Compiègne was a dead town. A hundred thousand soldiers a day passed through its streets, but none rested there. The town life had closed There were no hotels or stores, no banks, post office, police, or hospitals. The town had been officially evacuated. There was no place to sleep, no place to buy or beg food. The city was shelled often and bombed each night.

The Red Cross took over the leading hotel, hung out the American flag and the Red Cross flag, opened the doors and left them open day and night for two weeks. The *never-shut door was a symbol.* The number of "lost men" who drifted past was astonishing—men who had become separated from their units in a charge, or who had lost their way in a cross-country retreat, whose horses had been shot under them and who could not keep up with their mounted comrades; men who were wandering around, hungry, cold, wet, cheerfully following rumors as to where friends might be; men who had lost their packs, and who had not slept under shelter for ten days nor tasted warm food for eight. The Red Cross hotel was the one living, human spot in the city, and the floors of the dining room, halls, and bedrooms were covered with blankets. British, American, and French slept side by side.

The Red Cross set up an ideal for itself: That every hungry man should get hot food. Marmites of stew were kept on the stove. There was plenty of army bread and *café au lait.* The authorities opened the village stores and requisitioned the perishable supplies for the cuisine. For one lunch sixty full-sized frying pans of omelette were served. No money changed hands, only the polite formula: "This is with the compliments of the American Red Cross," and the almost inevitable retort: "I've been in the war three years and I have never seen anything like this." There is no way of knowing how many men were fed, as no one took time to count, and each waited on himself and washed his own plate, but it is believed that as many as 800 were in and out of the hotel some days.

The street kitchen, set where the trains stopped

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and where the main thoroughfares for the front leave the square, made a record, seldom if ever equalled, during the last seven days of March. By actual count, for a day that was not more busy than the rest, 14,000 drinks of coffee and "pairs" of cigarettes were served. It is a fair estimate that the Red Cross gave a hot drink and a smoke, a meal or a lodging, to 90,000 men during the last week in March, in the one town of Compiègne.

An English general sat silent in his automobile for some minutes, watched the lines at the kitchens, and then exclaimed: "Wonderful effect, a little thing like that! The men come in droopy, and they go off with their tails in the air!"

But the little kitchen was not concerned only with the military. It stood alongside the platforms where the trains of refugees were loaded, compartments packed with a *mélange* of poultry, feather beds and patient dogs, children and grandparents. The Red Cross nurses and their half-dozen aides hardly had time to breathe, the friendly commissions were infinite. There were lost children to find and sick ones to dose, gaping boxes to re-pack, cripples to carry, and dazed old people—torn between fear of the Hun and sorrow in leaving their homes—to comfort. The pitiful and the comic made a giddy panorama. Of the memories, none will be more joyful than the scene of a moving train, a weeping, plump lady pulling the front end of a goat through the door, and a plump Red Cross person, trotting alongside, pushing on the rear end of the goat.

The personnel installed in the Red Cross Hotel was unique. It consisted of several executives and handy men, a store-keeper, two doctors and thirty nurses, four men and ten women canteen workers, sixteen men and four women chauffeurs. Catholics, Quakers, and Free Thinkers, English, French, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, thrown together by the emergency, settled into a working organization with amazing speed. All lived together like a family, each doing what was asked of him without question. There was the spirit of a good-humored, affectionate family. Probably such a group has not been in actual working contact since the war began. Under the direction of the Red Cross, were a unit of English Friends' War Victims Relief Committee, a unit of the Distribution Service of Pennsylvania, the Daly Unit of Nurses, and the Women's Emergency Canteen Unit. Representatives of at least three of the Entente Powers lived, worked, and thought in an actual community of action. Incidentally, they learned to respect and like one another immensely.

No time was wasted in formulating plans. The needs were distinct and clamoring to be met. Food and shelter were required. In addition to those fed at the Red Cross Hotel and at the street kitchen, a store was opened in the garage of the hotel. A can of milk, a tin of beef, a chunk of bread and cheese were given to all civilians who asked it. Also there was sweet chocolate for the little ones who peeped from behind their mothers' skirts. It was possible to meet the requests of the *sous-préfets* of the neighborhood for food for their charges. For instance, the military head of a village telephoned that 800 women and children had come by train to his town and he had nothing for them to eat. It was a satisfaction to hear his surprise when a truck-load of food stuffs, that could be eaten without cooking, arrived within two hours after the message was received by the Red Cross.

Another useful line of work was the transportation of the infirm and the sick, together with their most precious belongings, from the path of the advancing Germans. The truck drivers worked without regard to hours or fatigue. They crossed bridges while aërial torpedoes were falling in the water beside them. So far as is known, no request of the French authorities for transportation for removing civilians was unanswered.

But, of course, the chief work in the Great Retreat was medical. And the importance o medical facilities, just at that juncture at Compiègne, can only be sensed when one remembers that all the regular hospitals of the region had moved back. No one knew just where the hospitals were, except that they were distant. No one knew what to do with the wounded who lay or sat by the roadsides, or who walked painfully south. Even if one had a conveyance, he did not know where to carry them. Confused ambulance drivers continued to bring *blessés* to empty buildings, which the medical people had evacuated the day before.

The little Red Cross infirmary in the Compiègne railroad station dressed the wounds of as many as sixty soldiers in a day, in addition to its civilian clients. A *poste de secours* of twenty-five beds was set up in one of the rooms of a palace where Napoleon and Joséphine once entertained. There was a third dressing station in the Red Cross Hotel. Some of the men had been wounded forty-eight hours before receiving medical attention. No operations were performed at these dressing stations, but cuts were cleansed and men were given nourishment and a place to rest. Later they were carried to the nearest hospital that would receive their type of case. In all the medical work the devotion of the Daly Unit of Nurses, a Red Cross unit that has been serving with the French, cannot be over praised.

When a complete story of the prolonged battle

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shall be written, there will be few incidents which will stir Americans with a more justified satisfaction than the conduct of two American doctors at Annel, an outpost of Compiègne, on the night of March 25th. The patients of their hospital, under orders from the French *Service de Santé*, had been loaded into canal boats and pulled away the preceding night. The French surgeons and all the nurses were gone. The Germans were within half a dozen kilometers and advancing with apparently irresistible momentum. Everyone felt that capture was a matter of hours. Heavy artillery, set in the hospital grounds, made a terrific din. But the American ambulance sections, long in the habit of bringing their wounded to Annel Château, kept on coming. They did not know where else to go. Two Red Cross doctors, Major Tarnowsy and Major Morehead, quietly said that as long as American boys brought them *blessés*, they would find American doctors to operate on them. In the deserted château the doctors stayed on and kept on operating. In the nick of time five Red Cross trucks with supplies arrived. From Compiègne volunteered two canteen women. That made the hospital personnel—the two surgeons, the two women and the ten drivers.

Get the picture of that night at Annel. It represents America at its best. It contains the very essence of what Red Cross spirit can be—devotion, resourcefulness, persistence, and a passion to aid suffering that outranks other emotions. Outside—the moonlight, the hum of planes, the shaking of the earth, the belching of sound from unsuspected places, the steady low detonation of the battle six kilometers away. Inside—the two doctors, not looking up from their delicate task, the canteen women handing them instruments and dressings, the Red Cross truck drivers holding candles and bringing in and carrying out the wounded, and then playing hospital angels, in an unknown tongue, to the fellows lying in the wards. A day and a night and a second day the two doctors operated. The crisis passed. The regular attendants returned and routine was resumed. The doctors are attending to their duties as this is written; they have made no reference to the events. But it is things like that that make us Americans catch our breath and stand straighter.

Let Your Letters Smile

By Madeleine A. Powell, R. N.

This is from a nurse who knows what she is talking about. Read her stories of good and bad letters.

EVERY American fighting man has the welfare of those he left behind him at heart and, if they are content, he can do his bit with a vigor that knows no bounds. On the other hand, if they are unhappy he will respond accordingly.

The letter from home is read and re-read again and again. It is treasured like a rare gem. Every sentence is weighed and considered, and every word takes on a special significance. The first question asked in the morning is always the same: Will a ship arrive with letters from home?

I wish every mother could see for herself the effect of her letters upon her son. Those who have made a sacrifice to send a cheerful letter, even though things are not quite right at home, would surely rejoice, while it would break the hearts of those other mothers who complain and create sadness and discontent.

Picture to yourself a time when letters are distributed. Your son nervously grabs for his, tears it open, and reads something like this:

I hope these few lines reach you safely as so much mail seems to get lost. One of us tries to write you every week, but sometimes that is impossible because of the housework. We dismissed Mollie. A servant costs too much these days and now that your financial assistance is gone, we must retrench.

Pa talks of you morning and night. We sure do miss you and I hope this dreadful war will be over soon.

Despite this frightful slaughter I am hoping against hope that you will come through without a scratch. Don't take unnecessary risks and write often.

The boy who receives such a letter is desperate. There he is, sick perhaps, denied even the opportunity of fighting to forget himself. He must wait for days and days, thinking and thinking and worrying. His loved ones at home need his help, and he cannot give it. A small misgiving becomes magnified into a terror of fear.

Now what really is happening in that home to make the mother write such a selfish letter? Naturally "Pa" misses his boy and talks about him. Mother may not be having as many new dresses as formerly, and she may be compelled to do the housework since her son's financial aid is gone. Yet neither one nor the other will do her any harm, while the habit of thrift and the ex-

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ercise from the housework will benefit both her pocketbook and her health. It is a fact that mail was much delayed in the early months of the war, but the trouble has been for the most part straightened out.

That particular mother would, no doubt, be astonished if any one were to accuse her of being unpatriotic. Her words are not such as directly to give "aid and comfort to the enemy"; nevertheless, the whole spirit of the letter is depressing and reveals an unsympathetic attitude toward the Allied cause. Indirectly she has helped the enemy.

Here is another of the same type, only worse, written by a soldier's sister. The recipient told me to burn it when I got through.

Why don't you write to us every week? I think it is very selfish of you now you are away to forget to send us letters. It does not take a minute to write a few lines.

Mother is not feeling well; the heat is affecting her a great deal lately. The maid has left us, gone to work in a munition factory where she gets better wages. She asked us for a raise but we could not afford to give it to her. So now I have to stay home from the office to do the housework. I don't know what is going to happen to the family if things continue to go the way they are. Father is getting too old almost to do anything useful, and then the draft had to take you.

Why don't they take some of these other men hanging around town and leave the only son at home?

Your farm is going to rack and ruin. Three days ago one farm hand enlisted and to-day the other one went. Who is going to look after the crops? I have all I can do to look after the house and chickens. For goodness sake come home or I'll get sick, I know. Surely if you explain how things are to your Captain he'll arrange to send you home. You are more needed here than you are there.

Of course, I could manage if I had help, but do not know where to look for that.

A boy with pneumonia in our hospital was very weak when a letter from his mother arrived. I had the pleasure—and I can truthfully say pleasure—of reading it to him. The letter should have been exhibited as an example to all mothers. She told her boy that he was always in her thoughts; that he was not to worry; that to do his share for his country was a glorious opportunity; and that she knew her prayers would bring him safely back. When he recovered I learned that this mother was having a very hard time of it, too. The soldier's own wife and father were dead, and the mother was taking care of their humble little house all by herself, besides looking after his two-year-old child.

When the soldiers are in the hospital, they turn to the nurses as they would to their mothers. A young man, coming out of ether, talks to his mother, calls for her, and the nurse must then take the mother's place. He tells her his secrets. He tells her how matters stand at home, how he feels about everything, and what he intends to do when he gets back. How can he do his best work—how can he get well—if he is constantly thinking that the rent back home is not paid, that food is scarce or wanting, that mother or sister is sick?

For many months I worked in an operating room with a soldier who did excellent work as a hospital attendant. He was quick, alert, always ready, and the first to console the men who were sent in. He was a tireless wonder and became very popular with the nurses and physicians. One day, after hearing nothing from home for weeks, he received a letter saying his mother was in a hospital and not expected to recover. Not a word was said about the nature of her illness. Well, that letter took the heart right out of that man. He became uncommunicative, depressed, and couldn't sleep. There he was, thousands of miles away, not knowing what ailed his mother, unable to see her before she died. His case was pitiful. It soon affected us all. After a few weeks an exception was made, and he was allowed to send a cable home to the sister who wrote the letter. The reply said that his mother was out of the hospital again, completely recovered from a severe burn of the leg.

We all felt greatly relieved, and the sunny smile returned to our man. But what right, one might ask, had his sister to upset so many people because of her exaggerations and thoughtlessness?

Cheerfulness breeds cheerfulness, as the following letter from a wife will show:

Of course every time the mailman visits our street we look for a letter from you. We are not disappointed when he does not hand us one, because we know you have many more important things to do than write letters. We are eagerly looking forward to your letters so write when you can, it will make us so happy to hear from you and to know a little about your work.

The children are well and having lots of good times. They are busily engaged raising money for the French orphans by growing flowers in the garden, which they sell to the neighbors and friends. Also raising chickens, and the girls are doing fancy work and dressing dolls. I have to buy the eggs the chickens lay.

I see from the papers that the Allies are doing splendid work, which is very encouraging, and we pray for greater success every day. I am doing a great deal of sewing lately, remodelling dresses. Not that I can't afford to buy new ones, but this is wartime, and I prefer to save and buy bonds when I can, and so feel I am doing my little bit to help this big cause. Yesterday the children went on a Sunday-school picnic, and they took some snapshots which I will enclose in this letter as the boys have already developed them.

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No more news except to say we are all well and thinking of you all the time.

When you write to your hero, write with thoughtfulness and be cheerful above all else. Write as though he were near at hand, in the next town, away on a business trip. Tell him all of the latest happenings; how the house and garden look, the talk of the neighbors, and who has been the latest one to enlist; what Mr. Hoover is doing; what the President, Secretary Baker, and Secretary Daniels have to say; how the Liberty Loans and the Red Cross Drives made out—all these have a vital interest to the men at the front. If you are receiving an allotment, tell him how happy it makes you and what you do with it. But never, never write that you are having a hard time. If you should be having a hard time, apply to the Red Cross. It is there for that purpose, to help you. Remember always that it is *he* who is having the hard time—not you.

Our men in France do not write depressing letters home, and they never will feel depressed if they know you believe in them and are content to await their return. The American armies are destined to bring a sure and permanent victory to the Allied cause. It's a terrific undertaking, so help to keep the men fit.

Women of America! Let this be our sacrifice: Always smile for our boys.

All in the Day's Work—in the War Zone

By Daniel T. Pierce

ONE of the most difficult things in the world is to tell the story of what is being done by Red Cross men in the war zone. They have little time for writing reports and much of their work is of such a kind that no reports are ever made on it. Here and there is found a man who keeps a diary. One of these is Henry Copley Greene, and from his notes have been taken the following record of demands made upon the Red Cross during two days of July:

An American doctor in a French hospital wanted at once six boxes of *Serum Antivibrion septique* to save the life of an American officer.

The *Sous-Préfet* asked for 200 scythes for poilus to use in reaping wheat at the extreme front, where harvesting machinery could not be risked

An American soldier wanted a check cashed on the First National Bank of Sheridan, Ill.

Close on his heels was a Red Cross doctor asking for newspapers for American wounded in French hospitals.

About that time an American soldier, hard up for cash, offered a Boche pistol that he had captured on the 18th of July. Seventy-five francs was the value placed on the weapon. The diary does not state whether or not the purchase was made. Probably not, in view of the liberal supply of Boche armament now obtainable!

Then arrived a wounded American just able to be about, asking if he could have some cigarettes for the French soldiers at his hospital. "They are so kind to us," he explained to Mr. Greene.

Soon after this is the entry of a note from a *Médecin chef* of a French military hospital. "Can you get two American Army chaplains, one Catholic and one Protestant, for the funeral services at the graves of fifteen of your soldiers who have died here?"

A note from an American Army captain, in bed with a broken thigh, reads, "Can you get me an army pay voucher? I am worried about my life insurance and want to pay it up."

On the heels of this were two visitors: An American marine wanting to know if he could use the typewriter for five minutes; and a Scottish woman ambulance driver asking for cigarettes for her hospital and using the effective plea, "Your men do so love American cigarettes."

Another note transcribed in the diary, this time from the *Préfet:* "5,000 kilos of sugar is needed for 10,000 people, many of whom have had no sugar for three months. Can the American Red Cross sell it to us? We cannot furnish it."

"Anything else that you have forgotten, Greene?" was asked.

"No," he replied, "nothing that I can think of just now, except that Tuesday night I had to make a trip of about thirty-one miles in the rain to get a chaplain from the regiment to which one of our patients in the hospital here belongs. He was dying and wanted some boys from his own regiment and the chaplain that he knew. I brought the chaplain back, together with six of the men, who the next day fired a salute over the poor chap's grave."

You can tell from this communication how difficult it is to write the story of the day-by-day activities of a Red Cross man in the war zone.

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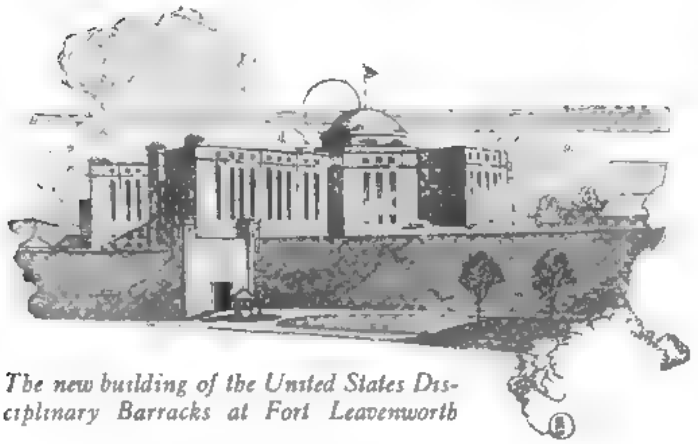
The Battalion of Another Chance

By Emily Frances Robbins

Illustrated by EDWARD A. WILSON



The new building of the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth

THE Army does much toward re-making the characters of men. There are all kinds of men in it, including weak, undisciplined, uneducated youths with violent tempers. Some get what they need from army discipline. They are re-educated by the very life they follow. Others are not so easily changed; they break rules by doing forbidden things, often not knowing how or why the impulse drives them. Then the course of official action is prescribed; court-martial follows. A tired or undisciplined boy falls asleep on post—sentence: "Three years in Fort Leavenworth."

Under the old practice he was put with criminals; but, thanks to the vision of some one, to-day he is given a chance. He is sent to the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth. In hospitals we reconstruct those mutilated in battle; at Fort Leavenworth we are reconstructing those who have been wounded in spirit, or mutilated by life. Considering the size of our army, the number of men there is surprisingly small and most of them are saved for the army, for the country, and for themselves.

It is a noble work that is being done at this hospital for souls. For many a man it offers a first chance to be healed of some moral ailment. It might well carry the Red Cross flag, so appropriate is that symbol to the spirit and the unselfish skill that are exhibited at Fort Leavenworth.—THE EDITORS.

THE man who falls, and who makes good again, is one of the most appealing subjects of human and dramatic interest. The history of the battalion of the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, is the story of more than a thousand men who have fallen but who have since made good.

Every man who enters the battalion does so as a prisoner. Every member of it has been court-martialed, convicted, and sentenced to a term of months or years. But such splendid material is found in them, they are physically and mentally so capable, that the army officers at the barracks have been able to create and maintain one of the crack drill battalions of the United States.

Through the crucible of this battalion, in the

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The poultry farm from which eggs and chickens are supplied to the barracks

past four years, a thousand men and more have passed from the Disciplinary Barracks to reinstatement as soldiers in good standing in the United States Army. Of this number nearly two hundred have proved so efficient and reliable that they have been made officers.

Formerly, an army man who was convicted of a crime was put in a federal prison with civilians and dishonorably debarred from further military service. It was a step forward for him when Fort Leavenworth was created a strictly military prison. But even then, no matter what the offence, which was often quite free from criminal impulse—such as sleeping on post—and no matter what possibilities he had in him, he never got another chance as a soldier.

Our War Department soon realized, however, that even though all military offences are serious in the light of army necessity, all military offenders are not necessarily criminals in the civilian understanding of the word. Many, indeed, would make good if they could get another chance.

Accordingly, the military prison at Fort Leavenworth was converted into the United States Disciplinary Barracks and a system adopted for reclaiming military offenders. Supplementary to the school and workshops at the barracks, a battalion was organized for giving military training to those men whose offences were strictly military in character; and through this battalion, at the time the European war broke out, they were being restored to the army.

Each newcomer at the barracks tells his own story of the offence that brought him there to the Commandant. I sat in the latter's office during a number of such interviews. The boys came in one at a time and stood before him, with arms folded.

"What is your name," the Commandant asked, in stern military voice, but with an open and just manner. The boy answered promptly.

"What are you here for?"

"Sleeping on post."

"Where is your home?"

"My sister lives in——" (he named a small town in New York State).

"Are your parents living?"

"No, sir."

"How and where were you brought up?"

"I was brought up in an orphan asylum until I was ten years old, and then by a lady in the country who took me to her home, but she is dead."

"How old are you?"

"I am twenty now, sir."

"What grade did you reach in school?"

"I done two years in the eighth grade because I couldn't go to high school."

"Why not?"

"It was too far away."

"Have you any trade?"

"I was a farmer most of my life."

"What is your sentence?"

"Three years."

"Did you ever have any trouble in civil life?"

"No, sir."

"Ever arrested?"

"No, sir."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other charge against you besides sleeping on post?"

"No, sir."

A modern up-to-date dairy building at the barracks

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"Do you think you can make good if you get a chance?" (With special severity.)

"Yes, sir." (Very surely.)

"All right. We'll see what we can do for you. That will do."

The boy went out and another took his place. His name was given and the outfit with which he served. He was "charged with desertion", as he put it. He was twenty-two years old, and had reached the eighth grade in school.

"What did you go away for?" the Commandant asked.

"I don't know. I was kinder absent-minded"

"Didn't you know it was a serious offence?"

"I know it now, sir."

"Ashamed of yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to get back into the army?"

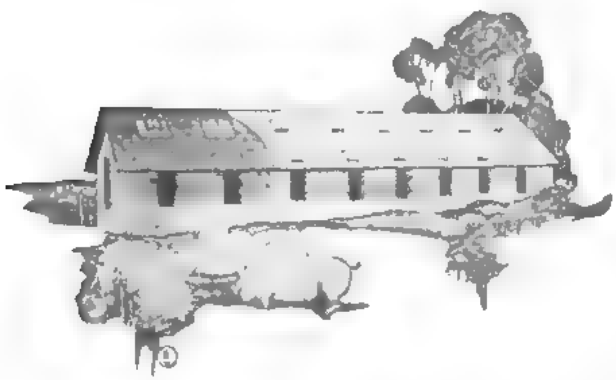
"Yes, sir."

"We'll see what we can do for you."

The real causes behind many of these offences were apparent in the Commandant's answer to a query regarding the size of the barracks' population. Although it is now nearly two thousand, the largest that it has ever been, according to ordinary army experience, it might be called abnormally small. When asked the reason for this, the Commandant's reply was prompt and decisive: "Because the country is suppressing liquor and vice."

There is a Department of Psychiatry and Sociology in the barracks whose business it is to ascertain the causes that bring men there, and the records of this department still show alcohol as one of the most important factors. And in describing how alcohol may lead a man, who has already committed a small error, into a serious mistake, the captain in charge of the department said:

"He may be a boy who, when he was at home, never asked for permission to do anything. So perhaps he goes away from camp without asking



Another of the buildings, for there is an extensive farm connected with the barracks

The front gate of the barracks, over which might well be written: "Acquire hope, all ye who enter here"

for a pass. He meets somebody and they drink. He gets set up a little and he stays over night—over night without a pass! He wakes up in the morning and finds himself in the very bad position of being absent without leave in time of war. That scares him, because one of the things he has absorbed is that he will be punished if he is ever "absent without leave." And so, if he is a little bit weak and does not have the right ideas, does not have good judgment and reasoning power, he goes straight on away instead of going back to camp. You cannot call that a 'vicious crime.' He merely takes the way of least resistance. None of us ever wants to go home when we know we are going to get licked!"

The captain also named "trouble at home" as being a serious stimulus in causing a boy to desert. "Home ties are fundamental," he said, "army ties are new to him. His wife or his mother writes telling him of terrible conditions at home. The letter is full of reproach at his going away, and pictures the distress of those he has left behind. People who write such letters do not seem to realize that they are just coaching a boy to get into trouble.

"On an average the boys here are far above the standing of prisoners in civilian institutions," the captain continued. "We do have, however, a small percentage of men of the same type that you see in other prisons. They are boys so constituted that they are bound to go wrong. It is quite obvious that one needs no other explanation for their being here.

"But many of our so-called 'criminal' cases are simply the products of parental over-indulgence. We get numerous cases with a story running something like this: A fairly good boy, who

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graduated from common school and perhaps started high school, had never been disciplined at home and had been allowed to do pretty much as he pleased—to go to father's pocketbook or to mother's pocketbook when he needed money. Then he got into the army. At home he had all the protection in the world; father and mother were always back of him. In the army he became a unit in a large organization which is dependent upon such units for its own integrity. After he was there a short time, he wanted to go downtown. He had no money. There was a 'bunkie,' with whom he was quartered who he knew had some money. And—just as he had been accustomed to do at home—he went to bunkie's pocketbook. When the lad returned, his money was gone. It was not father this time to scold and say, 'Now, if you do that again——' It was cold hard facts.

"Many a boy who comes here," the captain explained further, "especially among those who have committed larceny or petty crimes, has been raised in the city and has a father and mother who are separated, or a father who is a drunkard. The boy's early environment has not been what it should have been. It has often been just the reverse of what any one would outline for the raising of a perfect boy. By the time he was eight or nine years old, perhaps, things were so unbearable that he went out into the street, a little gamin who earned his living by polishing shoes and selling papers. He is the boy who has never had a chance. If a boy's troubles begin when he is six or seven years old, he never has a chance."

Although the maximum of privilege attainable at the barracks is reserved for the men of the battalion, the institution still maintains highly tolerant principles, and military training is not its only ideal. Every kind of offender is not eligible for restoration to the United States Army. Some of those, whose offences preclude their ever again entering the service, have made good in that of foreign countries. Boys whose offences do not preclude United States Army service, but who do not care to reenter it at once, are released with a "privilege of re-enlistment." Early in the career of the prisoner it is pointed out to him that all men are not alike; that some men by nature do not make good soldiers, and that such a fact is no cause for not upholding self-respect. Each man to whom restoration in the army is available, however, is urged to seek it. All men are held to qualify for efficient and responsible citizenship.

The barracks band and a part of the battalion

The records of many who have been restored to civil life are as picturesque and romantic as those of the battalion men who have made good in the army. In one of the many shops where the boys are taught all sorts of trades, the executive officer, who was demonstrating their work, said: "See that boy over there? Before he went into the army he did not earn more than ten dollars a week. Here he has been working on the washing machine. A short time ago he wrote to a laundryman in Kansas City, and asked him how much he would pay for a good washer. The laundryman wrote back that he would pay thirty-nine dollars a week for a first-class washer. The boy has gotten the job and we shall release him within the next two weeks."

The foreman of the shoe-shop told me of numerous boys who had learned shoe-making and had made good. He mentioned in particular a twenty-two year old lad who had been in the shop for sixteen months, and in that time (which was very short for such a trade) had learned to be an expert bootmaker.

"He was quick-minded," the foreman said, "and remembered everything I told him. I sent him with a recommendation to some people, and he got a job for twenty-four dollars and a half a week."

"And what was he before he went into the army?" I asked.

The foreman leaned toward me confidentially and answered, "Nothing but a common bum!"

The favorable reaction of so many boys to the opportunities offered at the barracks is strongly influenced by the personal qualities of the army officers in charge, who have been selected by the War Department for their refinement and cleanness of fibre. The boys could not have come in contact with a higher calibre of man had they been sent to a college instead of to prison. This is particularly true of the Executive Officer, who assigns the boys to different kinds of work,

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and decides the punishments for all infractions of the rules. One can easily imagine what their sullen and perhaps stubborn attitude might be under the authority of one whom they would designate as a "rough neck."

The battalion drill is, of course, the great display feature at the barracks. When a prisoner is promoted to membership in the battalion, and to the privileges which such membership represents, he discards the numbered prison uniform and wears one which is hardly distinguishable from that of a regular soldier. Some of the men wear special stars on their breast, indicating that they are members of the "honor committee," which is self-governing. They have no guards over them to prevent their escape. They drill on a beautiful field near the prison. One of their impressive stunts is the "silent drill," which includes marching and rapid manual at arms without commands, the whole battalion performing like a unit of iron.

The training at the Disciplinary Barracks demonstrates the fact that wrong conduct, like disease, is not necessarily a matter of fatality but is frequently curable and in many cases should have been prevented; that the wrong-doer, like the sick child, is often the innocent victim of parental ignorance; that society itself has a good deal for which to answer. The barracks represents the army's spirit of succor, its humanitarianism, symbolized by the Red Cross, applied morally.

"One of the easiest things for a man to do is to make mistakes," writes a boy who is now serving a term at the barracks and who is a member of the battalion. "There are few persons who have not made some. Making a man see the mistakes and errors of the past, and teaching him to profit by them is the principal aim of the officers of the battalion. Some persons in civil life refer to this institution as a penitentiary or a military prison. This is not correct. It is 'The School of Another Chance.'"

My Service Pin

By Mary Putnam Hart

I WEAR a little service pin
With double stars of blue;
It rests by day,
It rests by night,
Upon my heart, and holds it tight
And pins it through and through—
My precious little service pin
With double stars of blue.

I read of battles nobly won,
Of flags unfurled to view;
'Twixt hope and fears,
'Twixt pride and tears,
My soul is torn in two.
I clasp my little service pin
With double stars of blue.

And then I read how men have died—
Right valiant men and true—
I bow my head
Before the dead—
Those stars of golden hue.
"Still keep, O God, my service pin
With double stars of blue!"

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The Boy Scouts in War Service

WHILE the Boy Scout follows a programme designed to make him a good citizen and a self-reliant one, he is never engaged in any campaign of his own. He is never on parade and he is never seen in quantity. It is an organization solely of service for others—the Boy Scout movement simply supplements the work of other organizations.

Has any of them a piece of work to be carried out? The Boy Scouts help. Is there a parade? The Boy Scouts are seen not in the line of march but along the route, helping as ushers or as orderlies or in policing the lines. Although they have many fine stunts that go well in public, they never exhibit them solely for the purpose of showing off.

The Scout has taken an oath "to help other people at all times." This means service which it is not always easy or convenient to perform. He is pledged to "do a good turn daily." The cumulative effect of these hundreds of thousands of daily good turns, amounting in the year to many millions, is one of the greatest forces making for kindness that this cruel old planet has ever seen.

The Government has put to work this organized "boy power" of the nation in many ways to win the war.

The Boy Scouts of America, in three Liberty Loan campaigns, secured one out of every twenty-three subscriptions received by our Government. The total reached 1,349,165 subscriptions for $206,179,150. Who would undertake to raise one-twentieth of that sum with unorganized boys?

A medal, the Treasury Department's War Service Emblem, was awarded to Boy Scouts of America who developed investors in ten or more homes during theThird Loan Campaign. It has been won by 23,427 Scouts, while 11,806, who are wearing medals won in the preceding campaigns, received bronze bars—35,233 awards in all.

The sales of War Savings Stamps and certificates by the Boy Scouts of America can be measured only by millions.

The National Council of the Boy Scouts of America passed a significant resolution on April 9, 1917: "To coöperate with the Red Cross through its local chapters in meeting their responsibilities occasioned by the state of war." As messengers, in the salvage campaigns, in Red Cross drives for money and members, the Scouts have been dependable helpers in countless ways.

In the distribution of public documents as "dispatch bearers of the Government," the Scouts put out fifteen million pamphlets, and the records show that two million requests for additional literature have been received by the Committee on Public Information as a result of the work the Scouts did.

The country-wide search by the "kids in khaki" for black walnut trees for the War Department is one of the most amazing feats of successful war work in rapid-fire time. Black walnut is badly needed for gun stocks and airplane propellers. The Forest Service, in giving the total of the figures as submitted to the Ordnance Department, says that the Scouts had reported 14,038,560 board feet, about 3,667 carloads. This will add thousands of gun stocks and airplane propellers to Uncle Sam's purpose of "force to the utmost."

Scout training makes good citizens and, when needed, good soldiers. General Hugh L. Scott has said so, General Leonard Wood has said so; and now comes this letter to the President of the Boy Scouts of America from General John J. Pershing in France:

Dear Mr. Livingstone: To you and to the splendid army of four hundred and forty-two thousand American Boy Scouts, the American Expeditionary Forces send greetings and appreciation for all you are doing for our great cause. Upon you will soon fall the burden of our civilization. Every act and thought of yours, in keeping with the Scout law, will help to make good citizens and good soldiers. Obey it in letter and spirit and all the older Scouts who are fighting for you and all we hold dear will shake hands with you as comrades who helped them win the war. Three cheers for the Boy Scouts of America!

There are now over 350,000 duly registered Scouts and 90,000 Scout leaders—enough to fill a city ranking with San Francisco and more than enough to take the place of *every inhabitant of Milwaukee or New Orleans*. "Scout City" is one of the greatest in the land, and it is growing by 1,100 applications a day. The Boy Scouts of America are part of the world brotherhood of between seven and eight million Boy Scouts.

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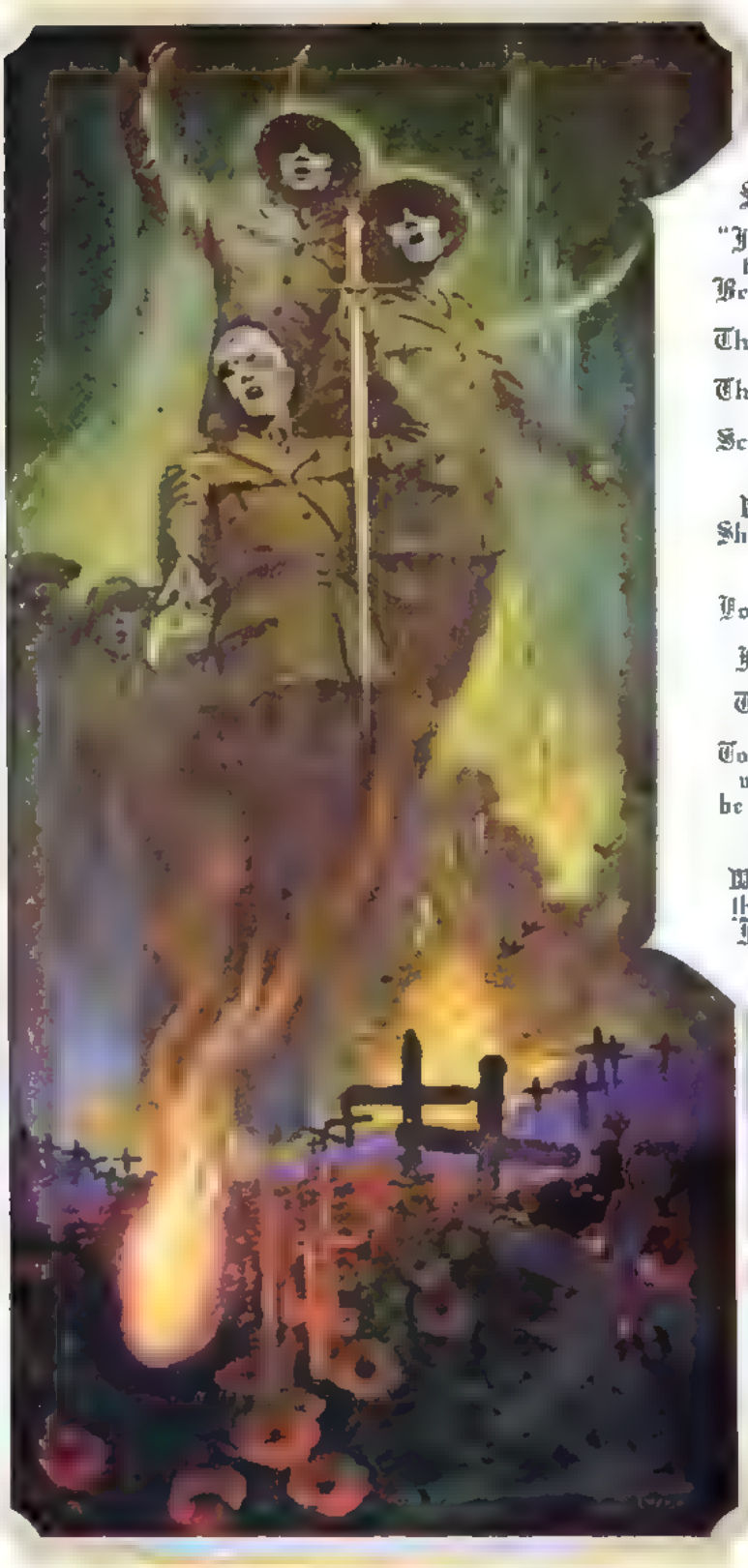

We Shall Not Sleep

"In Flanders fields
the poppies blow
Between the Crosses,
row on row,
That mark our place;
and in the sky
The larks still bravely
singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst
the guns below.

We are the dead.
Short days ago we lived,
felt dawn,
saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved,
and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel
with the foe.
To you from falling hands
we throw the Torch-
be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith
with us who die,
We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

In behalf of the brave men who have enlisted in the fight of right against might we reprint the above lines by Col. McCrae.

As an inspiration to war giving and war sacrifice it strikes a major note. There is no war appeal to which it is not applicable.

This beautiful lyric of the war was written by Lieutenant Colonel Dr. John McCrae of Montreal, Canada, while the second battle of Ypres was in progress.

The author's body now lies buried in Flanders fields.

Is it conceivable that we shall break faith with those who die for us?

From a painting by Philip Lyford

BAUER & BLACK Contributed toward the Winning of the War by Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. **Chicago, New York, Toronto**

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Buy Liberty Bonds

"If ye break
faith with
us who die,
We shall
not sleep"

Lend *the way they* Fight

Contributed toward the Winning of the War by
BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., CHICAGO, NEW YORK, TORONTO

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Boys Will Be—Men

Four Boy Scout Paintings by Norman Rockwell

A RED CROSS MAN IN THE MAKING

Under his oath "The Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless lives."

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THE DAILY GOOD TURN

"Be Prepared" and "Do a Good Turn Daily," are the slogans of the movement. Three hundred and fifty thousand American boys have promised "to help other people at all times."

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SOME DAY THIS MAY SAVE AN ARMY .

Signalling and other Scout activities provide the kind of training which is suitable to boys of Scout age, which are the necessary foundations of efficient military service. Read what General Pershing says on pag

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STRAIGHT TALKS FROM THE SCOUTMASTER

The strong hold of the Scout movement upon the boys is in its man-leadership in those things that inure one to hardship and the doing of difficult things

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From Seaport to Trenches

II. "Up and At 'Em, Boys!"

By Forbes Watson

THIS is the second of three articles in which the author takes up the trail of the American soldier at his point of debarkation and follows it day by day to the front. It tells you vividly, intimately, and with a cumulation of detail just what happens to your soldier boy after he lands on French soil. And through it all, there runs much of the story of the Red Cross work. It is like the letter your boy would write home, if he had the time and were permitted. The first article appeared in the October number and told of all the hard work, particularly on the docks, incident to preparing for American troops on French soil.

THE great transports moved slowly into their berths. The whole town was there to see them. I waited for the cheers. There was no sound.

I expected to see disappointment on the faces of the soldiers. They showed none. Silently they eyed the crowd, occasionally smiling, and silently the crowd stared back. It was hard to believe that these were actually American soldiers arriving in France. Suddenly it came to me that the days of cheering and shouting were over. These men were soldiers. They were not parade soldiers; they had been through months of hard training in the camps at home. They had come to fight, to kill, and they looked it.

Early next morning they came ashore and marched up the street to a typical American tune. Windows opened and people leaned out, mostly women and children. Some bunches of flowers were thrown. The children called joyfully, but the older people were subdued.

Passing trucks were filled with soldiers who addressed the newcomers encouragingly with such remarks as, "Only ten miles more." But in another mile or two we were at the camp. The men were swallowed in it, smoothly, swiftly, precisely. In exactly twenty-four hours after the first of the ships had nosed around the point, life in France had begun for every one of those thousands. Twenty-two hours later the first of the transports that had brought them moved out from the docks again, and steamed toward America. I realized that what had been a tremendous event to me was merely a clearing away of five boatloads of soldiers to make way for another five boatloads. Bringing in soldiers was a business. The American genius for transportation had begun to show itself.

New arrivals do not start for the front immediately on arrival at "a port in France." There is much to do. But finally there came a day for forward movement by the greater part of a regiment. There was more excitement over our going away than over the arrival. Every child waved at us. Every American group yelled what appeared to be the classic phrases: "Up and at 'em, boys! Give 'em hell!"

Acclaimed by a sudden burst of yelling, the train started. "Up and at 'em, boys! Give 'em hell!" was roared again. The masts of ships grew dim, camps came into view and were passed. The major asked me to join him, and I took the first stages of the journey in a compartment with three officers—the major, his aide, and a doctor.

At the very first stop there was an American Red Cross rest-station, a bright clean building at one end of the depot. The soldiers enjoyed a few moments' chat with American girls and at cost price obtained coffee, chocolate, sandwiches, and, free of charge, cigarettes from the various tobacco supplies which are distributed through the Red Cross. Soon after we stopped at the next station, a Red Cross hospital train came in from the front and drew up at the same platform.

Such a train is a very impressive sight the first time it is seen, full of American soldiers who have been wounded in fight. It is essentially a luxurious affair, and the long, beautifully built car, with a big red cross at each end, dwarfs the average French car. The hospital trains are copies of English ones, and were built in England for the Americans, with many improvements devised

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after the very fine English trains had been finished.

The slightly wounded, who were sitting up, leaned out of the windows, and our boys crowded on the platform, talking incessantly, asking questions. The wounded, even those who could not stand up but were lying in berths, were in high spirits. Through the windows could be seen how clean, comfortable, and well ventilated were the cars.

Soon the hospital train rolled out, the splendid cars with well-greased wheels and extra springs moving quietly as if drawn by an engine more powerful than the every-day kind. The wounded cheered. The old yell, "Up and at 'em, boys!" meant infinitely more coming from these men who had been tested.

Night had come, and the long train went forward to an appointed station where the boys had a fresh supply of water and coffee. Then the long journey started again. Coffee had made the major wakeful. He began to talk—about what? About home, of course, though incidentally he spoke a little about the war.

The major told about his wife who was taking care of his furnishing store in a far western city. He made eight thousand dollars a year, going down to six some years, and had been as high as twelve. It was his own business. He was a free man and had only one principle of business, to sell the best and only the best. Besides running his furnishing store the major's chief interest in life had been the militia. His trade was with laborers. He sold the strongest overalls in the Northwest. He had a cheap car and his own house, and on Sundays he drove the car—just a straight, honest, working-day American, who had been called by his country and was prepared by training and nature to give his country the same class of goods he had always given his customers—the best. It meant something to be going up to the line with a man like that, and with hundreds of boys who had the same unpretentious sense of their own dignity. One felt a great sweep of confidence. This crowd has its feet on the ground. It is solid. It will fight.

Early next morning we reached the town where we were to detrain. For an audience, as we

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A battalion of American soldiers in Flanders passing along a road beside which British troops are resting. Youth and spirit are shown in their carriage, and in the evident "guying" of their British comrades

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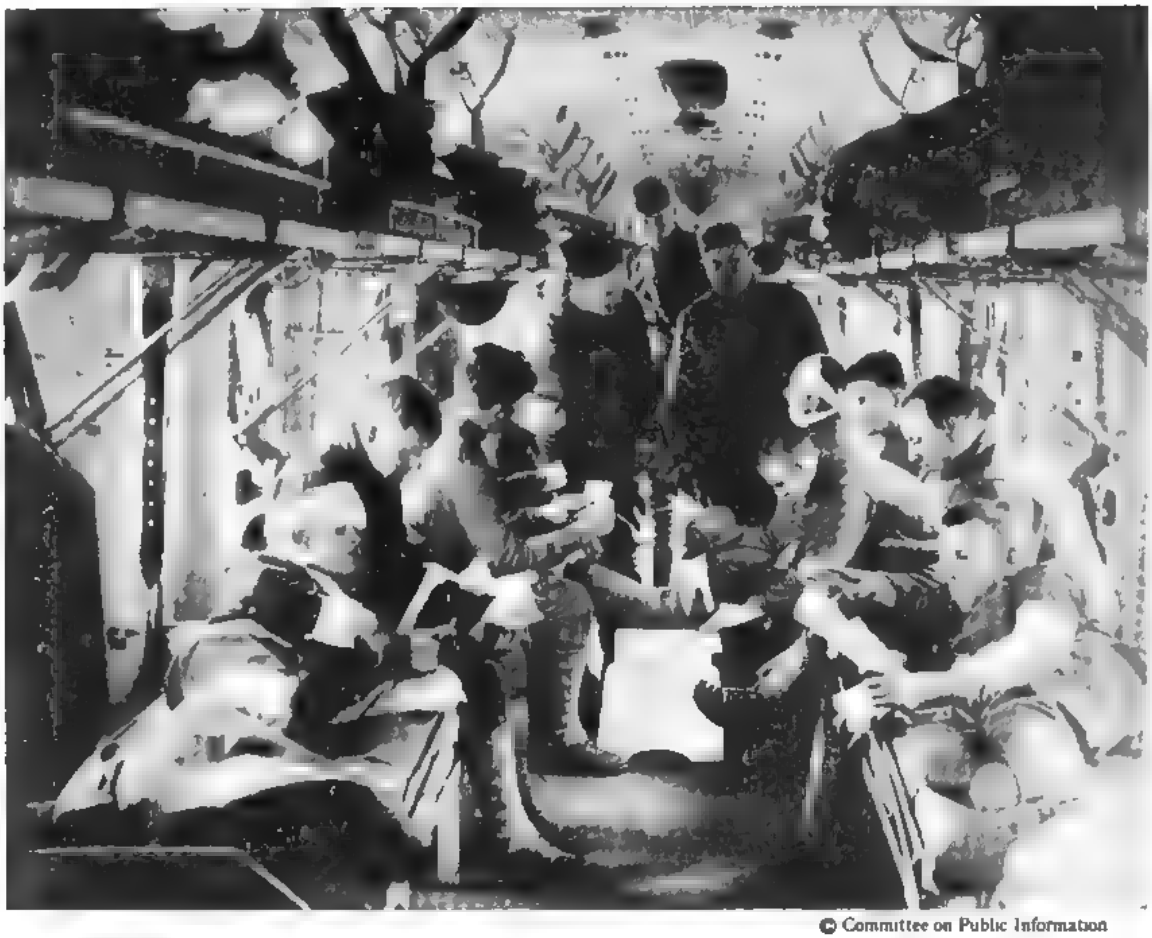

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A hospital train carrying American wounded back from the front line. Army surgeons, like those in the background, watch the men carefully during the whole trip

formed beside the train, we had a group of soldiers wearing helmets and carrying the gas masks that mark a point in the soldiers' progress. They looked at my companions much as upper-class boys look at new pupils. But they did not have a long time to look. Immediately after breakfast the troops were in line ready for an all-day march.

The sign on the railroad station gave us a clue to our geographical position. It was a good distance from the port of entry, but still many a mile from even the sound of Boche guns. It was a lyric day, a smiling day, the sun shining mildly, the atmosphere not quite clear. A town across the river, seen through the faint spring day-mist, looked as unsubstantial as a mirage. It hung a veil of color underneath a veil of sunlit mist. The captain gave the order to march and we started up the hill between two lines of poplars.

Taking the march easily, we arrived at C—— late in the afternoon. A few military police were the only Americans in the town. The billeting officers had made all arrangements and in quick time the soldiers were quartered in houses, cottages, barns. Wherever the men were housed, the buildings were clean and sanitary. By next morning intensive training had started.

I saw them start off briskly at six-thirty to the drill field while the sanitary squad, with new American brooms, started to work. In the village, every square (there were two of them), every street, and every alley were swept. When the work was ended, it looked like an exhibition village.

The head of the small military police school invited me to visit the château where the men were in training. In the grounds of the building was an old grove with a small trout stream. For a quarter of a mile I followed the path beside the well-stocked stream and finally found myself going through a formal rose garden toward a small, beautifully proportioned château wit'

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"1625" over the door. A small bridge crossed a moat. On the vine-clad wall strutted two incredibly brilliant peacocks. I had begun to think that, instead of an American training camp, I had discovered the dwelling of a fairy prince, when a genuine New York policeman in an American soldier's uniform suddenly appeared and said:

"The settin' up exercises takes place out in front, sir."

He was quite right. The ground spread toward a level meadow, broken here and there by a stalwart tree seemingly as old as the château. I sat on a wall thinking every moment I must awaken from this dream. Meanwhile, the men went through their setting-up exercises, drilled, and played games ingeniously contrived to try out their muscles and quickness—tug-of-war, leap-frog, and a dozen others.

Then they drilled and had games on horseback. They hurdled; they had tugs-of-war; they tried to push each other off. This went on for four and a half hours. It was not surprising that the men were in perfect condition. They were all picked men, and of them only the keenest were selected finally for the important, though thankless, work of military police.

In the afternoon work began again. It was gun drill and French lessons. Each man wore a gas mask round his neck. At the most unexpected moments the drill master would cry, "Gas!" The lieutenant held a watch. He allowed the men six seconds to adjust masks and be in position to continue the drill where it had been interrupted.

The delightful, and to me almost unreal, day came to an end with the impressive ceremony of retreat. The men drew up behind the château. Roll was called. And there, beside the moat, with those seemingly artificial peacocks looking on, the men stood at attention while the bugle played retreat.

It was not without purpose that the men were billeted near a replacement camp. It was the time of the big attack against the English. Things were moving as they had not moved before. Replacement camps meant business, and it was dangerous to approach within even twelve miles of them.

Nearness to the trenches cannot be judged by miles. One can be very near the front and still far away; or one can be in the heart of the château district and in the twinkling of an eye find that he is bound trenchward. It was men in the trenches that the Allies wanted. They wanted

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French children in the war zone waving an enthusiastic good-bye to the soldiers on their way to the front

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A battalion of American boys resting in the fields of France during their long march to the front

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Red Cross workers distributing refreshments and tobacco to American field artillerymen en route to the front line

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A view, in the distance, of a cantonment in France where American soldiers in intensive training are located

them quickly. The replacement camp station was a busy place.

The town square was more like a nest of rumors than a quiet village square where goats and rabbits, veal and vegetables, were sold in open market.

It was true that no one knew what was going to happen or, at least, no one knew who would tell. On the other hand, it was not hard to guess the general trend of events as they were to affect the major and his company. So, early in the morning, I left on a truck, after telling the major that I might and might not come back. When we reached the town of A——, under the shadow of the château, I set off in search of a transportation officer.

Once more I ran into a Red Cross representative. He was good enough to ask me to lunch with him, and I found that, if I wanted to get up the lines, the best thing to do was to join some "casuals" who were going up that night on the American special. Thereupon I decided not to wait until my old friends were sent up to replace troops, but to go ahead of them.

When I reached the station, I found the platform lined with several hundred "casuals" off for the front This time it really was the front. They had helmets and gas masks; and the next long stop for them was neither camp nor school but the trenches.

A perfectly trained colored porter took my things, settled me comfortably, brought me blankets, and made up a rough bed on the seat. In the morning he shined my boots, as they never had been shined since they entered France, and he brought me a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

"Did you ever do any work like this before, sergeant?" I asked him.

"I suttenly did, sah. I was on the Pennsylvania and the New York Central Railroads for just seven yeahs."

An ex-Pennsylvania porter shining your boots while you sleep peacefully, as if you were traveling from New York to Washington, in a train with half a hundred officers and several hundred "casuals," steaming at full speed toward the front—well, no wonder our friends the French have coined a phrase for such indescribable phenomena: *"C'est la guerre!"*

(To be concluded)

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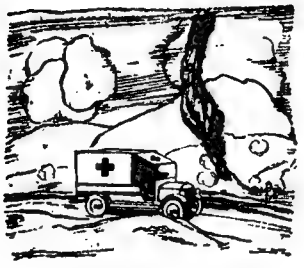
Verses by Two Ambulance Drivers



WE HAVE been reading the manuscript of a very interesting collection of verses written by Lansing Warren and Robert A. Donaldson, two members of one of the many volunteer ambulance sections of the American Field Service, who joined this organization from Leland Stanford University and who served in and with the French army long before American troops were operating in France. When the sections of the American Field Service were adopted by the American army, these two men enlisted as American soldiers.

Most of these verses were printed originally in the "American Field Service Bulletin," a small weekly published in France by volunteers of the Field Service for their own and their comrades' amusement. They are to be published this fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company under the title, "En Répos and Elsewhere —Over There." It is impossible in our limited space to show the spirit, gayety, and humor voiced by these young men amidst the dire drama of war, for these characteristics are specially seen in the longer poems. But we print two of the short pieces.—THE EDITORS.

The Guns

The guns! The guns!
They rumble and roar and pound;
The guns! The guns!
The night is a welter of sound;
Flashes that pierce the blackening sky,
Pits of flame in the woods near by,
Shells that go hissing along on high,
From the guns!

The guns! The guns!
They rumble amid the waste,
The guns! The guns!
They're never in any haste;
Monsters of iron that never tire,
Endless they keep their rolling fire,
A hunger for steel's the sole desire
Of the guns!

The guns! The guns!
They mangle and tear and kill;
The guns! The guns!
They strike with an iron will;
Nor heeding, nor stopping, their fire they pour,
And many's the lad that will hear no more
The sudden crash, and the hiss, and roar
Of the guns!

Envoi

We have written our joys and our sorrows,
And our jests that have passed off the time,
We have given no care for to-morrows,
Nor bothered with thoughts in our rhyme;
We've sung as we've talked in the barracks,
And at *poste* round the grey ambulance,
But back of the chaff, and the jest, and the gaff,
Is the feeling we have . . . for France!

Oh, we most of us came for the reason
Of adventure or playing the game,
Or of doing our duty in season,
Or of leaving a life that was tame;
But we've done that, and now we've new reason—
Artillery, tanks, ambulance—
If they'd let us go 'way, we would most of us stay
And stand by the battle . . . for France!

Oh, it isn't in words that we show it,
They're too feeble to tell what we feel;
It's down in our hearts that we know it,
It's down in our soul that it's real.
So we stick to our work as we find it,
And forget the caprices of Chance,
For we know that the price of the big sacrifice
Is little enough . . . for France!

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New Faces for Mutilated Soldiers

By Grace S. Harper

Chief of the Bureau for Reëducation of Mutilés, American Red Cross, France

OF ALL the results of war horrors, facial disfigurement seems the most cruel. What answer is there to the appeal: "How can I work with such a face? How can I live with my family or they with me?" Many can help the cripple, but few can administer to the need of such as these.

At Val de Grâce, the large military hospital in Paris, there are hundreds of soldiers who have suffered no crippling in their bodies but have horrible facial disfigurements. The famous French surgeon, Dr. Morestin, is there using his utmost skill in making these mutilés less repulsive. The men must often remain a long time at Val de Grâce because each layer of grafted skin must heal before a new one can be applied. There are perhaps 2,000 *mutilés de la face*, or disfigured soldiers, in France.

For more than a year Captain Derwent Wood, an English sculptor, has carried on research experiments in a hospital in London and has produced a permanent substitute for the rubber and gelatine ears and noses already being supplied to men whose mutilation is beyond the skill of surgery. These masks are modeled after photographs taken before the injury, and are cast and galvanized in silvered copper, after which they are realistically painted in oils to resemble the former appearance of the patient. Sometimes two thirds or more of a man's face can be replaced by this new process.

The mask, as thin as a visiting card, is cast and galvanized in silvered copper, and is sometimes held firm to the face by the use of spectacles

Published reports of Captain Wood's research studies reached the United States in 1917, and so came to the notice of Anna Coleman Ladd, a Boston sculptor. Mrs. Ladd went at once to France under the auspices of the American Red Cross and has been rapidly developing her work after Captain Wood's methods.

Mrs. Ladd began her work in a large bright studio in the artists' quarter of Paris. After passing through an attractive courtyard overgrown with ivy and peopled with statues, and up a narrow staircase, one reaches her war work-room. On the walls hang posters, French and American flags and a service flag with two stars—one for her husband, Dr. Maynard Ladd, who is medical adviser of the American Red Cross in the French advance zone.

Mrs. Ladd's patients have grown attached to this sunny room. Problems have been solved here which, at the beginning, seemed insurmountable.

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Mrs. Ladd and one of her blind and disfigured patients, who is now wearing one of her masks covering his eyes, nose, and cheeks

For instance, one mutilé wants a mask to cover his nose, an eye, and only half a cheek. The problem of how to make it hold—this mask ending in the middle of a cheek—has to be worked out. Another mutilé does not want to wear spectacles, which aid in securing a mask firmly to the head. This case must also be treated individually.

A row of plaster casts hanging on the wall of the studio indicates the first step in the process Immediately after a mutilé asks to have a mask, a cast of his face is made. From the negative mould a positive one is made and on this the new face is modeled in plastiline. Carefully following photographs and taking hints from the man himself, a good likeness comes from Mrs. Ladd's skilful hands. "My brother and I look a good deal alike," one soldier said, and the brother was asked to come to the studio. "I've a friend whose eyes are the color of mine," said another, and the friend was used as a model.

When the new face is modeled and approved by the patient, it is sent to the galvano plant and a galvano plastic deposit is made of copper. After repeated experiments this has been reduced to the thinness of a visiting card and weighs from four to nine ounces. It is firm and light to wear and neither bends nor twists out of shape. By carefully filing the edges for each individual case, there is no pressure on the facial parts and little consciousness on the part of the wearer of the extremities of the mask. Inside is put a thin layer of silver which eliminates all possibility of harm from the metal. There is space for ventilation and for dressings, if surgical treatment continues. Mrs. Ladd has discarded artificial eyes in favor of oil paints, in order to get effects of more depth, more dimness or more humor.

Eyelashes are cut in very fine copper threads and are soldered on. Next the mask is painted, and finally a mustache is added if the man wears one. When the disfigurement includes the entire mouth she models the lips sufficiently far apart to allow a cigarette holder to be inserted. Smoking is one of the few real pleasures permitted to the wearer of a face mask!

Mrs. Ladd paints the mask while it is on the man himself; this explains why the flesh tints where the metal parts stop seem to have no line of beginning or of ending. Skin hues, which look bright on a dull day, show pallid and gray in bright sunshine, and somehow an average has to be struck—the artist has to pitch her tone for both bright and cloudy weather, and has to imitate the bluish tinge of shaven cheeks.

The experimental stages of Mrs. Ladd's work may now be considered as over, except for the ever-active search for improvements which must always go on. She has made masks for seventeen seriously mutilated soldiers, each one different.

The approval and gratitude of the French Government has been expressed by the assignment of wards in Paris hospitals, to which soldiers with facial wounds may be sent from all over Frar where Mrs. Ladd and her assistants work for th

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Doctor John R. Mott, whom President Wilson pronounced one of the most useful and influential men of his generation, and who has been chosen to head the great campaign for the seven United War Work Organizations. With a few possible exceptions, Dr. Mott has a wider international acquaintanceship than almost any American. Of the men who were Premiers of Europe when the war broke out, every one has been his personal friend for more than fifteen years. Ex-President Taft appointed him one of the Commission to Mexico, and President Wilson a member of the Root Commission to Russia

The Why of the "Y"

By Bruce Barton

UNITY of aim and action is replacing haphazard war service in America. Sectarianism yields to patriotism; rivalries vanish before the demand for results. Mr. Barton's article, in describing the work of the Y. M. C. A., reflects the spirit of seven great organizations pulling together for the United War Work Campaign of November 11th to 18th. They are the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., National Catholic War Council, Jewish Welfare Board, American Library Association, War Camp Community Service, and the Salvation Army. President Wilson asked them to combine in their appeal for funds. The sevenfold effort to help our soldiers, sailors, and marines exemplifies the welding of a united nation in every phase of the war to victory.

A MAN from France told me this. He saw it one afternoon, a little back of the lines, on a day when the enemy's fire had been particularly severe.

They were New England boys, and they came back tired and mud-covered from the trenches and threw themselves heavily on the ground. The Y. M. C. A. secretary stepped out of his hut to welcome them. He was a fatherly old chap, and they liked him—at least, he had supposed when they went away that they liked him; they had left him letters to be mailed, and

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all sorts of messages to send home, in case—well, just in case. But now to his cheerful greeting there was no response. Like men whose wits had deserted them they sat stolid, staring straight ahead, saying nothing. Burned into every man's memory were scenes that leaped insistent, and would not be forgotton.

The secretary was a man of sense. He knew that there are times when the cheerful greeting is an insult not to be borne, and a slap on the back is cause for homicide. He disappeared into his hut, and returned a moment later dragging a heavy crate behind him. The boys watched him listlessly while he pried off the cover. Without another word to them, the secretary turned the big box on its side and left it, withdrawing into his hut and shutting the door behind him. Slowly the contents of the box were disgorged—baseballs, and bats, and gloves, and even a catcher's mask. The man nearest the box picked up a ball, and turned it gingerly in his hand as though it were something entirely new. Another man strolled over silently and taking up a bat, weighed it in his hand; a third man put on a glove. One by one the others gathered about, and five minutes later there was in progress, there behind the lines, a full-fledged game of baseball, accompanied by shouts and the loud laughter of men whose cares had fled.

Napoleon once remarked that morale is to other factors in war as three to one. Morale is a word new to our speech, and I do not know that any one has yet fully defined it, but there are certain factors which everyone agrees must enter into its composition. And one of these factors is the turning of men's minds away from the trenches to other thoughts and occupations. Without a change of mental atmosphere morbidness comes, and homesickness; and the feeling of being "fed-up" on the war dulls the fine edge of enthusiasm.

To maintain morale is a part of the business of the Y. M. C. A. The same generous hands that have so wonderfully equipped the Red Cross for its mission to the lives of our men have, in the Y. M. C. A. campaigns, been equally open. The two organizations are really one part of a greater whole, in their spirit, their constituency, and their common devotion to the winning of the war. It requires a real mental effort to recall that even the healing ministry of the Red Cross is a comparatively modern element in warfare; time was, not so long ago, when neither the suffering bodies nor the harrassed and terrified minds of men were provided for in a nation's plans for war.

One of the regular match ball games played by members of the A. E. F. under Y. M. C. A. auspices, within sound of the guns at the front. Some of the "Blue Devils" of France, who have been teaching the Americans the game of war, can be seen watching a distinctly American game

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Other wars were fought with long marches through the fields, and with blessed interruptions to the fighting extending over weeks and even months. This is a war of nerves; a war in which terror screams at men from the air, and poisons them all about, and threatens them with death from underfoot. It is preëminently a war of morale; and the side whose soldiers keep happy the longest is the side that is going to win.

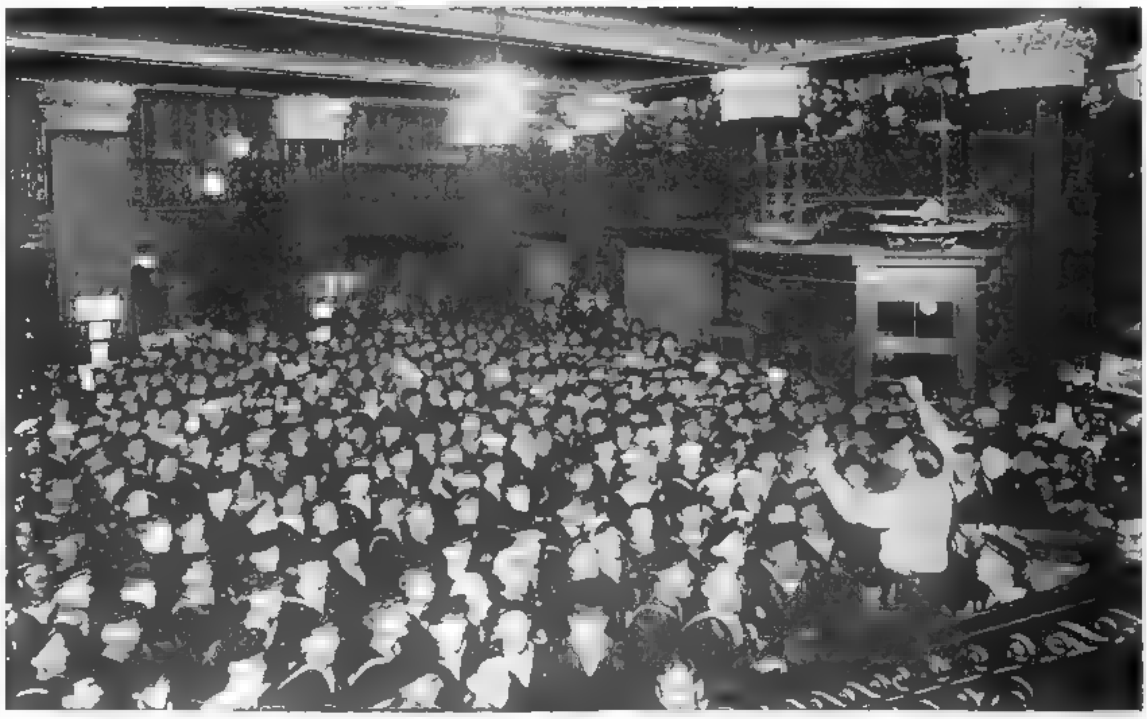
The comfort of the fighters is, of course, a second factor in morale, and of comfort there will be little enough in France in the next few months, in spite of everything that we can do.

We have seen the great cantonments of this country—unpainted, but clean and warmed by steam; and we need to remind ourselves that there are no such cantonments behind the lines in France. Instead, the boys are billeted in little French villages, sleeping in warehouses and barns, tramping all day long in mud that seems endless. There is scant comfort in those villages, until the Y. M. C. A. hut comes. No place to get warm and dry; no place to write a letter. The hut becomes home, and library, and church, and club, and theatre and motion-picture house all in one. Coal costs sixty and seventy dollars a ton in such villages last year. It may be even higher this year, and the little sheet-iron American stove, throwing out its radiance through the "Y" hut, will be no small factor in the maintenance of morale.

To comfort and a change of mind one must add a third essential in the analysis of morale. No army fights victoriously unless there is, in the hearts of its men, a firm conviction in the righteousness of their cause. The Y. M. C. A. has an unusual opportunity for propaganda of the most wholesome and effective sort. Into the "Y" huts abroad flows a constant stream of lecturers, business men, and preachers from America, each with his message that the folks back home are still backing up the boys; and the influence of that encouragement is a factor to be reckoned with.

In the very early days of the war John R. Mott, the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., left $2,500 with the representative of the Association in France. "It's not much," he said, "but it is an earnest of what will follow. Use it to start work in the French army right away."

The "Y" man tried to carry out these instructions but at once met an apparently insuperable obstacle. The French were polite and gracious, but they made it very clear that they had fought many wars without the help of any such agency



Jerry Swineford, one of the Y. M. C. A. song leaders, conducting a war camp community song service at the Navy Y. M. C. A. building, in Norfolk, Va.

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The interior of the Y. M. C. A. building at Plattsburg, N. Y., where a thousand little detailed things are done for the man in training

as the Y. M. C. A. and they preferred to do without it in this one.

There the matter rested until a French general, having observed the influence of the "Y" in other countries, gave permission for the establishment of a hut in one corner of his army. In the space of a few weeks the huts had spread like measles through that command. The general of the adjacent army asked for them, and the next general and the next. Finally came a request from the French Ministry that the huts or *Foyers de Soldat*, as the French term them, be established throughout the French forces; and only recently another message followed urging that the number be increased at once from 1,300 to 2,000.

At the same time the King of Italy made personal request for the extension of the "Y" work throughout the Italian armies. The presence of the "Y" men would be a daily evidence, he said, of the unity of the Allies; and every hut would become a centre of the sort of propaganda which is the surest protection against the efforts of the Germans along similar lines.

General Pershing summed up the whole matter in a letter, written at his direction on May 15 of this year, commenting on a report of Lieutenant-Colonel E. S Wheeler. who had studied the work of the "Y" for some weeks, and was submitting his observations to headquarters.

"There is no one factor contributing more to the morale of the American army in France than the Y. M. C. A.," said Colonel Wheeler. "The value of this organization cannot be overestimated. When I go to the Y. M. C. A. huts and see our men in their spare moments, night after night and one day after another, enjoying the privileges created by a corps of self-sacrificing Red Triangle workers, I know that they are better men and better fighters for so doing. *Give me nine hundred men who have a Y. M. C. A. but rather than one thousand who have none, and I will have better fighters every time.*"

General Pershing, in forwarding a copy of the report, added this comment: "The conclusions and opinions of Lieutenant-Colonel Wheeler are concurred in by these headquarters."

As the army grows the "Y" is expected to grow along with it, and both are nearly out of breath attempting to keep up with the programme which America has laid out for herself. The same kind of problems confront both; and their solution involves about the same sort of mistakes. From a snug, efficient little business of about $5,000,000 a year, the "Y'" was called upon to expand almost overnight to a fifty-millior

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basis and in another twelve months to double that. I have been in and out of "Y" headquarters in New York ever since the declaration of war, and I am constantly running into operations of which I had suspected nothing.

There is a floor devoted to the problem of selecting a thousand men and women a month for service overseas. No small problem it is in these days, when the army is claiming men by the million, and every one left behind has a half dozen opportunities for work.

Here are the rooms in which is conducted the greatest motion-picture business of its kind in the world. Every week fifteen miles of film set sail for France, and a far larger quantity is poured into the cantonments in this country. The "Y" huts have a weekly movie audience of more than 2,000,000!

The huts are the soldiers' clubs, and more than 80,000,000 sheets of letter paper flow in and out of them every month. They are the soldiers' churches, and the testaments furnished to the army by the "Y" would make a pile more than seventeen miles high. The huts are the soldiers' theatres. Under the leadership of Messrs. Winthrop Ames and E. H. Sothern, a hundred first-class actors and actresses are kept moving about the "Y" circuit in France. For the boy who is ambitious to improve the years spent in soldiering, the hut becomes a university, also. Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, of Yale, spent some months in France laying out an educational programme that is amazing in its scope and effectiveness; and Professor F. E. Spaulding has been given leave of absence from his duties as superintendent of Cleveland's public schools in order to manage the vast system of lectures and classroom work carried on in the huts overseas.

In his General Order 33 General Pershing put the "Y" into the store-keeping business also; and in scores of the villages where our boys are billeted the "Y" canteen is the only store. General Pershing had seen the activities of the Association on the Mexican border and knew its adaptability. So he ordered that all post-exchanges or canteens in France should be under the direction of the Y. M. C. A.

In other words, he created with a stroke of the pen a business that already threatens to reach seventy-five million dollars a year. The "Y" did not underestimate the demands of the situation. It sent abroad Mr. Alexander McFadyen, who had been general manager of the S. S. Kresge five- and ten-cent stores. An interesting man is Mr. McFadyen: his salary, during his last year in America, was $5,000 and his commissions nearly $50,000. He tackled the problem with characteristic American grit.

And he had need of grit. To grumble is the natural prerogative of every customer; and particularly of soldier customers. If all the complaints registered in any department store in a single day were counted, their number would probably amaze any but the most hardened store-

A regular outdoor Y. M. C. A. event at Camp Funston, Texas. Boxing is one of the hardening processes in the training of a fighting man. On this spot are held also moving picture shows, which run 8,000,000 feet of film a week; and religious meetings are held on Sunday afternoons, with even a larger attendance than at the boxing bouts

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keeper. Imagine, then, the store moved three thousand miles away from its base of supplies, and split up into five or six hundred little departments, each separated by long roads and by shell fire. Imagine a tonnage situation which prevents the store ever having enough of anything and perfectly enormous transportation charges, by boat and truck. Imagine all this—and you can believe that the soldiers' store in France has not been without its critics.

Most of the criticism has been undeserved. The "Y" never intended to make a penny of profit on the post-exchange: on the contrary, its operation has already proved a loss of something like $2,000,000 and the loss will continue. By an arrangement just completed, the "Y" will hereafter buy all its tobacco from the Army Quartermaster in France. As the Quartermaster receives his tobacco at the price which the Government pays on this side—with no charge for profit or transportation—this will enable the "Y" to sell Bull Durham, for instance, for four and a half cents, some brands of fifteen-cent cigarettes for nine or ten cents, etc. In a soldier's eyes a penny off the cost of cigarettes is greater than almost any other blessing.

As the war goes on, and the number of men in France increases, the post-exchange operated by the "Y" promises to become the largest retail business in the world. Already the items on the shipping lists are staggering. For example: cans of fruit, 30,000,000; chewing gum, 2,040,000 packages; cigarettes, 115,000,000; condensed milk, 446,208 cans—to pick only a few at random from a single list. It has been necessary to take over entirely certain milk chocolate and cracker factories in France and Switzerland; and still the supply always lags just a little behind.

Alfred Stokes, a "Y" worker, distributing cigarettes to wounded soldiers in front of a regimental dressing station. Mr. Stokes was cited for bravery in holding this post under severe bombardment

The Kursaal at Aix-les-Bains was taken over by the "Y" in the early days of the war, and fitted out as a place of recreation for American boys. With swimming, tennis, lectures by famous Americans, sermons by celebrated ministers, and entertainments by well-known actors and actresses, the soldiers may have a vacation that no soldier ever had in any other war. And the Aix Kursaal, already overflowing, has been supplemented by the acquisition, for the war, of five similar recreation spots.

Underneath all these activities, of course, lies the religious work of the "Y," which is its cornerstone; and it is in this work that the war has produced developments of the most interesting character. The war has done more to promote Christian unity than fifty years of discussion. It has taught men to work together who previously would have thought coöperation impossible. Between the Red Cross and the "Y," of course, the closest cooperation was a foregone conclusion. These two great ministering agencies are fellow-veterans. They had worked side by side in the Spanish-American War and on the Mexican border, acquiring through each experience a larger measure of mutual regard.

That out of this will come a finer, more perfect spirit for the religious life of the nation seems to me unmistakable. The Y. M. C. A. after the war will be a different association. And the Church, from whose different denominations it has drawn so large a proportion of its workers in France, will have brought back into it, with their return, a conception of *religion as service*, broader than it has ever dreamed before; and capable—if unrestrained—of working marvelous transformations.

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The Glory that is America

By Frazier Hunt

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS

HE WAS an American and some day he will be as famous as the Swiss soldier who, a dozen centuries ago, bared his chest and took to his heart the Austrian spears. This boy bared his chest to German machine guns and cleared the way. He died that day, but his memory shall live forever.

It was near Château-Thierry, in the end of July, when the Franco-American troops, breaking the German lines and forcing them back from the Marne, were stopped by stubborn Hun machine gunners.

"We've got to go straight on," the young captain had addressed his men that morning at dawn when they were moving forward in a fresh attack. "We must let nothing hold us back. Remember, we are Americans to-day and the world is watching us and depending on us."

So they had gone straight forward in the cold morning light, and 200 yards ahead a German machine gun had opened fire on them. But this boy and his men went straight into it. Many fell but he pressed on. A bullet crashed through his shoulder. Another hit him—but he went on, and on, and on.

When the stretcher-bearers came through a half hour later they found him lying directly over the muzzle of the German gun, his arms gripping the barrel; and across his breast, from shoulder to shoulder, ran a row of bullet holes like the red ribbons of honor medals.

He was an American soldier.

"Their beautiful young bodies were lying straight out and their faces were always toward the enemy," a Frenchman who went over the great battlefield wrote to a Paris paper the next day. "These wonderful Americans fight like our own French poilus did the first year of the war."

These were American dead; they had given to America a new meaning and a new glory. They had been born again—and with their own new birth they had brought about the resurrection of France and England.

Until Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, American soldiers had inspired only pretty

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speeches and hopes. For six months they had been playing at war in quiet sectors. Then had come the great drive toward Paris down the valley of the Marne. It had gone well; Paris did not sleep at night—men sent their families away. Suddenly, into an important point in the line, American troops were thrown. Fresh, strong, youthful, brave, they bared their chests and stopped the Huns.

Paris was saved and, like a flash of sunlight breaking through a rift in heavy clouds, France saw the vision of what American fighting men were. She saw youth that was brave and unafraid and willing; she saw, across three thousand miles of sea, a great Nation shaking herself and starting to work in earnest; and she saw millions of her sons impatiently marking time until they could be brought over seas to fight for France.

Château-Thierry was worth a million men to France. It was the magic tonic that was needed to revivify a tired, brave people. And it did. France almost overnight became again the beautiful spirit with the flaming sword. It was like the swinging lilt of a marching song to worn-out soldiers

First France cried—then she fought, braver than ever before. I recall having dinner with some French officers at this time. Toward the end one of them—a captain who had been a Paris cotillion leader, in the forgotten days of peace, but who for four years had been a soldier—arose and offered a toast to America.

"How can we tell all that is in our hearts of the great debt we owe to you," he said. "Your President has been the voice of the world's conscience, and now your soldiers have put his words into real deeds. France and America—sisters! We love America—we——"

And then this man, who had been through four years of the hell of war, buried his face in his hands and sobbed. The glory that is America had gone to his heart. The whole world had felt it.

During those June days French women used to stand outside the gates of the great Red Cross hospital at Neuilly, in the suburbs of Paris, when the endless streams of American wounded flowed in. Countless ambulances would dash up, unload their precious cargoes, and stretcher-bearers would carry them through lanes of women who had tears streaming down their faces.

"They helped save France for us—brave boys—dear America," they cried. These mothers and wives had also caught the glory that is America.

So have our own soldiers felt it in their hearts, too. You can see it in their faces. Something strange and wonderful has happened to them—the touch of a new ideal. All our various races and religions and sects have been suddenly fused and welded together to make this New-World being, this real American. For the first time America has become something tangible and sure. American men have discovered that it is a rare privilege to be American soldiers. They know their army and they are proud of it.

"Shure," smiled the boy with the bandaged foot, "I will get back right away soon. I'm the luckiest Jew in de Army, I am"

They know as well what they fight for. And in the ruined towns and trampled fields of France, they have seen the menace clearly and certainly.

One morning in early August I stopped at a little hospital clearing station probably three miles behind the ever-changing front lines. It was in the courtyard of an old establishment, and the space was half filled with wounded Americans waiting for ambulances to take them to a railhead where a hospital train would carry them to Paris. Each man had a cup of hot chocolate in his hand and all were smoking cigarettes—things that the people of America were sending them through their Red Cross.

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Sitting in a far corner on a door-step I noticed a boy with a bandaged foot, so I walked over to him.

"What's the matter, old timer?" I asked cheerfully, "did you get everything covered up but your feet?"

"Shure," he smiled back. "But I don' care—she ain't nudding so worst. I vill get back right avay soon. I'm the luckiest Jew in de army, I am."

I saw that he already had one wound stripe on his right sleeve, and I nodded at it.

"I get shoot in de leg by a masheen bullet vunce," he answered my unspoken question.

"How long have you been over?"

"Six months; I vas drafted by New York but dey send me over here right avay queeck. Dis makes two vounds I got alreatty. But say, Mister, you know vat—vell, I get me seven Goirman prisoners dis morning by myself—— Say, how long vill dey make me stay in de hospital—not over a couble of veeks, eh, not over dat much?"

The boy sitting on the step below looked up at me. "Say, know what Bennie here done? Well, I seen it myself—him and me is in the same company. Three of them was hit by shrapnel about fifty feet away from where I was. A fellow named Larson could crawl yet, but the other soldier had his leg just about blown off. Bennie got a bad foot wound but he picks up this fellow, puts him on his back and carries him to a first aid station when he couldn't hardly walk himself. He oughter have a medal for that."

Bennie cut in here. "No, vat for should I vant some medals? I vant some more of them Dutchmens—dat's all I vant— Gee, Al, look at dat poor feller with his head all tied up bad."

I looked around and my eyes traveled from one little group of wounded to another. In the opposite corner of the courtyard four new stretcher cases were laid out on the stone paving. Doctors were bending over them making hurried examinations. Nowhere was there a word of complaint, a single cry or even a moan. Those who could move around—and the great majority of all casualties are slight—were smoking and chatting, exchanging Hun stories. The others were resting patiently, grateful for the smallest thing done for them and even for words of passing cheer.

"Well, where are you going?" the doctor asked. "To my buddies, where the trouble is," the wounded marine answered, and the next second he was gone

They were soldiers in their wounds; they had caught the deep, grave spirit of soldiers; they knew they were now of a tried and proven army and no pain or hardship could force cries from their lips. Six months ago, before the army had found its consciousness, wounded soldiers were different; then they thought only of their own pain. To-day they think of the thousands of their pals who have made the final, supreme sacrifice, and of the thousands of others who are still to make it.

They tell the story of a member of one famous marine brigade who stumbled into a front-line first aid station and, throwing down his pack and rifle, swore that he would never march another step until something was done for his feet.

"I'm through," he declared. "Until you fix my feet I'll never move another step."

While he went on with his tirade against his luck in the army, a doctor took off his heavy marching shoe and found his woolen sock soggy with blood. He started to unlace the other when the sound of machine gun firing floated down to the protected hill slope.

"What's that?" the marine demanded.

"Nothing, except that our men have run into some machine-gun nests, I suppose," the medico answered.

Without speaking the boy reached down and pulled on his shoe and then, straightening up, he picked up his rifle.

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"Well, where are you going?" the doctor asked.

"Up to my buddies—where the trouble is. I didn't know there was going to be any fighting."

The next second he was gone, and every step that he took must have been to him like walking on broken glass. Late that day he was brought in on a stretcher with a bad wound through his hip. "Good thing I went up there, doc," he said. "The boys sure needed me—— Say, I can get out again in a couple of weeks, can't I? I gotta get fightin' again, doc."

But there are many who will never fight again. Like flowers their graves are springing up all over France. Consecrated shrines they are where France and the world will worship. And mothers and fathers, sisters and wives will mourn for these brave youths, and all the millions of Americans will revere them.

Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, where Americans fought, are new names to be writ in American history. They shall rank with Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, Antietam and San Juan.

At the end of July, on the heels of the army I drove in a motor car filled with correspondents. A famous French war artist accompanied us, and one of our number was pointing out to him the steps that American troops had taken in this great fight in the valley of the Marne

"To the left is Belleau Wood that the Americans stormed and captured," he explained. "We're proud of Belleau Wood; it will be a name for American youths to conjure with for twenty generations."

"Holy ground!" another said in a spirit of unthinking fun. So much of war has made us all more or less callous!

No one laughed and for a dozen seconds the only sound was the humming of the motor. Then the man who had spoken lightly turned to the others in the car.

"Gee! that's what it is—holy ground. A thousand American heroes died in there. It IS holy ground!"

A thousand American heroes! A thousand homes that will have no sunlight streaming through open windows—until the dawn of the great glory that is America. Then the black band with the gold star will be the most precious decoration in the world.

It will be the living memory of one who gave all that he had to the world and his country.

And this is the story of how the American troops fought at the Bois de Belleau, which the French have since rechristened, in their honor, "Bois de la Brigade de Marine."

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Behind the Service Flag

"Trouble? Red Cross!"

By Walter R. Brooks

ELLEN VERNEY sat on a bench in the park. It was not a large park, nor particularly clean; indeed, it was scarcely a park at all, for there was no grass, there was nothing but bare brown earth, a few dusty trees, and half a dozen uncomfortable green benches. But Ellen's eyes were drawing no comparisons between this littered paradise of gamins and the cool quiet of the little suburban cottage where—how short a time ago!—she had spent her honeymoon. They were fixed, so tragically intent as to appear almost black in the pale oval of her face, upon an irregular slit in the little embroidered bag she held in her lap—a slit through which, as she had sat at her lunch in the restaurant, clever fingers had drawn the ten five-dollar notes that Jack had given her when they parted.

And Jack was gone. The transport had sailed by this time. Oh, what was she to do! What *could* she do? How was she to get the eighteen dollars to pay her fare home? She knew no one here. Yet—if she didn't get it. . . .

Her head sank down upon her hands, and for a time she fought hard against the hysterical sobs that tore at her throat. She mustn't give way; she must keep hold of herself, and think. Why had Jack enlisted at all! What was the war to him? Why hadn't he stayed home to take care of her and watch over her, as he should?

The roar of the city frightened her—the hundreds of faces, all different yet all bearing the mark a great city sets upon every man's brow for his protection—cynical indifference. Once a man passed who hesitated, looked hastily around then down at her, and smiled. He looked kind, she thought. Should she appeal to him? Perhaps he would help her if he knew. And yet . . .

A hand touched her arm and she started violently. Sharp black eyes were peering earnestly into hers from under a bright colored shawl.

"You sick?" a voice inquired anxiously.

She shook her head, a lump rising in her throat at the unexpected kindness in these alien eyes.

"But you have mooch, mooch trouble, eh?" the voice pursued. "You feel sick—here?" Two lean brown hands were pressed in a tragic gesture against the kindly heart that beat beneath the bright shawl. Then one of them shot quickly out, and a thin finger touched the little service pin with its one blue star that Ellen wore on her blouse.

"My husband gone to war, too. *Siamo sorelle*, sisters—*non è vero?* I help you. You say to me what it is, the too-much trouble, eh?"

Ellen smiled, and the tears she had fought so hard against rose to her eyes.

"Nothing. It is nothing," she managed to say.

But the dark head was shaken so violently that the shawl fell back and the big gold earrings glinted in the sunlight. "No, no! I know! You not tella me, but I help you, even you not wishing it. *Senta.* My husband say to me when he go: 'Trouble? Red Cross!' Trouble? Red Cross. You see? Wait; I show you."

There was a great fumbling in the folds of the shawl and presently a crumpled bit of paper was held out. "*Eccolo.* Read him, read him."

Ellen took the paper and unfolded it—a printed letterhead, Home Service, and an address below a bright red cross. She smiled and handed it back.

"Thank you," she said. "It is kind of you to—to tell me about it. But they couldn't help me—not for a thing like this."

"*Si, si!*" the woman insisted. "For everything. 'Trouble? Red Cross!'"

Was she right, perhaps, Ellen wondered vaguely. Would they help her if she went to them—told them her story? Oh no; that wasn't the sort of thing they did. If she were sick, if the pay allotment didn't come from Jack—then they would help her. She knew—Jack had told her—how they looked after the families of the men at the front. If he should be taken prisoner they would send him things, or if he were sick they would write and let her know. But give her eighteen dollars on her bare word, just because her husband was a soldier? No. That was out of the question.

The brown hand was on her arm again, insistent. "*Viene.* Come. I show you."

Ellen rose, half unwillingly, but too worn mentally by fright and despair to resist. Perhaps it would be as well to go. She couldn't stay here.

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It was getting late; the sunlight was almost gone from the little park.

Guided by the firm, kindly pressure on her arm, Ellen walked dazedly along a bleak street, filled with the clatter and clash of a ceaseless iron stream of traffic. Then they were in the vestibule of an office building; an elevator shot them upward, and a moment later Ellen's guide was explaining something, volubly but in a low voice, to a slim, freckled-faced girl with understanding eyes, not much older than Ellen herself.

"You tell them now—see?" The white teeth flashed a reassuring smile.

"Won't you sit down?" said the girl kindly; and almost before she realized it Ellen found herself telling the whole unhappy story.

"You believe me!" she exclaimed, incredulously when she had finished and the girl laid a sympathetic hand on hers.

"Of course. Why not? We will wire your mother to send you money, and meanwhile arrange a place for you to stay. You mustn't worry any more," she added, seeing the troubled look in Ellen's eyes. "It's all right now."

"And you do—you help people like this? I never knew . . ." Ellen looked around suddenly. "Where is she—the girl who brought me here?"

"She's gone. She couldn't stay."

"Oh!" cried Ellen, "Why did she go? I wanted to thank her, to tell her. . . Oh, what would have become of me—what *would* have become of me . . ."

"There, there," said the girl with the freckles, soothingly. "It's all over now. See here; look up. Here are five dollars to get your supper with, and pay for a place to stay. I'll tell you where to go. Come back to-morrow morning and perhaps we will have heard from your mother. And don't worry. We're going to look after you now."

Ellen rose. "Trouble? Red Cross," she said, more to herself than to her companion. "That's what that girl told me, and I didn't believe her. But it's true—it's true. Oh, how can I ever thank you!"

Tony—the American

By Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds

TONY was an Italian, living in a section of a city which had been very lightly touched by anything American. Italian was the language of the neighborhood, and the life of the neighborhood rarely overflowed its boundaries.

It seems curious to the reader of two or three newspapers a day that Tony and his friends should not have known about the draft. They knew that there was a war, in which Italy was involved, and, rather more vaguely, that in some way it concerned America.

One day, Tony was drafted. I can only imagine what happened to him, because he and I do not understand one another's tongues well enough to catch anything that is not obvious.

Any man understands how to fight for the bit of land on which he and his family stand; but a higher necessity than this called for Tony. He was to fight, so the kindly man in his draft board told him, for the honor of America.

It is difficult for us, who have always been of consequence in our community, to understand what this meant to Tony. Tremendous emotions, if they occur in people who are worth anything, result in action. Tony was really worth a great deal; so he decided that he must in some way become worthy of the knighthood which had been conferred upon him. He must be wholly an American. He understood that his funny clothes were to be replaced by American garments; and he decided to replace, by something American, what he conceived to be his only other tie to Italy. Tony Cardoni, without warning to his family or his Government, became Mike Costigan!

After an interval, the Americanized Tony, now Mike, sailed away to France, and it was not until some months later that the Red Cross man attached to his division discovered that Mike was not happy. Mike had received no letters from home. It was beyond belief. The Home Service agent in his home city had promised to write for his mother, to whom writing was a difficult business. There had come no letter. Was his old mother dead?

With perhaps a little more leisure than his commanding officer had, the Red Cross man noticed how strangely the Irish name suited the Italian boy, and questioned him about his parents. Tony, nothing loath, told his story. The other side of the story, in America, was being patched up by the Home Service Agent who, when Mrs. Mike Costigan did not receive her check from the War Risk Insurance Bureau, had provided money to carry on the family life with decency and independence. It was some months more before an outraged War Department could be made to understand the situation.

Now Mrs. Cardoni's checks, no longer addressed to Mrs. Costigan, reach her regularly; and Tony Cardoni, living under his own name, which he is making daily more honorable and more American, receives the letters written for his mother in his home city in America.

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At the Red Cross Fronts

You see what medicines they have in the hospitals in France, in addition to the regular prescriptions. Here's a wounded boy taking THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Her Dead Son's Crutches

A LITTLE old woman, carrying a pair of crutches under her arm, went into the headquarters of the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross and sat down, plainly tired almost to exhaustion. When she was asked what could be done for her, she pointed to the crutches and told how she had wandered around New York trying to give them to the Government.

"He's dead—my boy, that used them," she said. "So I took them up—they're all I have left that I can give my country—and I've been going from place to place—everywhere, all sorts of places—Government offices, societies, hospitals—and I've said to 'em to take these things—my dead boy's things—that helped him through his suffering life—and give them to somebody who needed them—and let them be such help as they are. But everywhere they told me that they didn't have any use for old crutches. Oh, they were nice enough, and polite, and real kind about it. But they wouldn't take 'em. And I want to give 'em. It's all I can do—and I know it's awful little—but I do so want to do it. So I've come here, and I'm kind of hoping——"

"Madam," said the Red Cross worker instantly, "you could not have done better. We can use them."

The Red Cross chief who told the story pointed to the worn crutches where they stood in a corner. Headquarters at that moment contained $124,000 worth of supplies. "It's going to be some trouble placing them," said he. "Somewhat more, almost, than placing the $60,000 worth of clothing that we are handling just now. But I feel that those crutches are something in the nature of a trust; and we're going to find somebody whom they will help."

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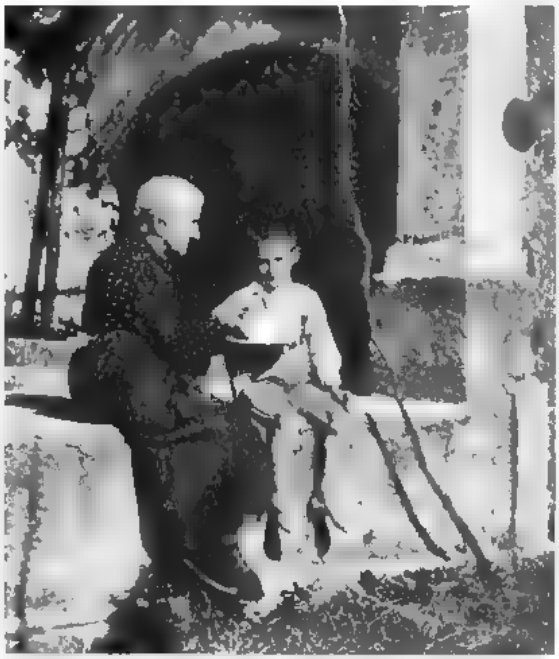
A Self-appointed Red Cross Worker

DURING the retreat of the Italian army last fall, thousands of families in the Udine district were forced to leave their homes, and these refugees were shipped by the Government to all parts of the country, where they were taken care of by the American Red Cross.

One old lady about seventy years of age found refuge in an orphan school for boys at Trevi, in Umbria, founded by the Red Cross, and she proceeded post-haste to make herself indispensable. She had no official capacity in the institution, but she mothered the boys from early morning until the last one was safely tucked away in bed at night. And she was happy in doing it.

This picture shows the old lady nursing one of the little orphans who is slightly ill. Doesn't it suggest one word—Grandmother?



In U. S. A. General Hospital No. 1

This hospital was gotten up largely through the agency of Dr. Lambert of the Red Cross and was given by Columbia University. It has been enlarged and is entirely supported by the United States Government

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The Race-Track That Was

By Mary Brush Williams

Inside the hospital at Auteuil — begun on May 25th, completed and with 123 wounded men in the beds on May 30

I HAVE made two trips to Auteuil in my life. The former was on the occasion of the Grand Prix races. They were the last ever run, for shortly afterward the world went to war. When we arrived automobiles were banked for half a mile along the race course; and opposite them, in the grandstand, were all of the old beaux of Paris in their finest raiment. The mannequins in the new spring costumes paraded in front of this show place. I arrived simultaneously with Madame Paquin, the famous dressmaker, whose appearance aroused great interest, for her costume disclosed the tremendous secret of where the waist line would lie during the season to come. That was one of the important pieces of news of the day. There was a buzz of conversation and much excitement. American women were everywhere.

The other day, almost four years later, I was at Auteuil for the second time, and there was nothing except the abandoned grandstand to remind one of all that had been. American women were again everywhere, but this time in very different setting and costuming. The race-track had become a Red Cross hospital.

Lanes of tents line the area where four years ago the automobiles parked. Each one is a ward, with twenty-four beds in it. They look as permanent as houses—more permanent, indeed, than many summer cottages that I have seen. They have windows in them and stoves. The old refreshment pagoda is a recreation ·d, where pale-looking men in pajamas loll on rustic benches. A washing machine stands on the green opposite the grandstand, and boys from the Middle West do the laundering there. Big camions marked "American Red Cross" drive through the roads.

From the tents along our pathway we could hear the hacking coughs and the heavy breathing which attested that many were suffering from gassing. Cases such as these are the kind for which the hospital was originally designed. Men gassed and men slightly wounded were to be sent there in order to relieve the congestion in other base hospitals. This one at Auteuil was what one might call a hurry-up piece of work. The whole scheme of it was conceived suddenly to meet an unforeseen demand.

A boy in a blue bathrobe gave me my first information about the hospital. "If we Americans had fought along the sector where we were first intended to, this old grassy race-track would never have been disturbed, I don't suppose," said he. "We were headed for a certain sector. Then we were grabbed off when we were actually marching to our spot and stuck into the line that was guarding Paris. Our wounded men had to be taken to the base hospitals round the city and they were soon filled. The Medical Corps foresaw that this would happen. It occurred to them right away to get up a hospital like this, which the French have been using for some time."

The Red Cross had already offered to supply all the materials for such a hospital—they had them "in stock", so to speak. The Army selected the spot and work was

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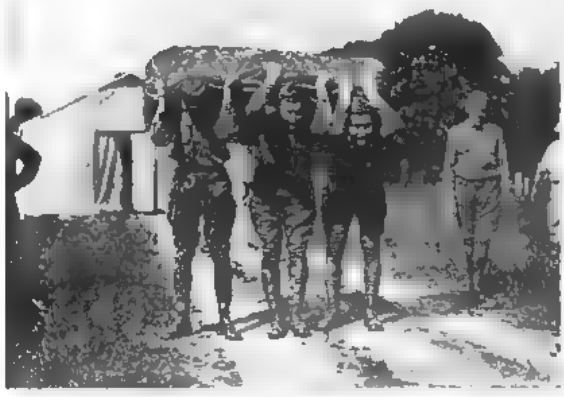
Unloading a truck, arriving with the framework of the hospital tent

Setting up the framework for the tent—ten minutes' work

immediately begun. The idea at first was to build merely a temporary hospital, without an operating room, which should have 500 beds in it for men slightly wounded. They began it on May 5th and on May 30th it was completed, with 123 men lying in its beds. This does not mean, however, that the task was finished. Some time between the two dates they conceived the idea of enlarging its scope and making it permanent. This type of hospital, new to the American army, was obviously going to be a success. They decided to bring a fine X-ray machine there, install an operating room, put in 1,000 beds, and open it to the most serious cases. It was comfortable, it was healthful in its sunlit airiness, it was easily kept clean, and was of the greatest possible convenience to very sick patients, since it was all on one floor.

The boy in the blue bathrobe had a point to make with regard to this last advantage. "A man here was so sick the other day—I never saw a man so sick and live before. His one idea was to get out of doors. Of course he couldn't have gotten there if it had meant he had to crawl out of bed, but the nurse just wheeled him out, cot and all. He got the earth smell in his nose and the French breeze against his face. He said that it was like Iowa, and he got better right away." Many other boys have had similar experiences. We saw them that afternoon, lying pale but contented on their cots, between the tents and in the sunflecked shade of the French elms.

"I was one of the first patients in here," the boy in the blue bathrobe volunteered. "When I got better, I used to lie outside and watch them build the hospital. They can put up one of those tents in a little over an hour. First they set up the steel framework. That takes them ten minutes. After that they take that tent canvas, which is tightly rolled, and snake it up over the top of the frame with two clothes lines. It falls easily over each side of the frame. Then they put up another tent under it."



Bringing up the canvas, which is pulled over the frames by ropes

Preparing and laying out the sewage system, which is a complete one

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He motioned toward the door of one of the wards. "You see they are double tents. Next they lay a floor of wood, and put in the electricity from the central plant which the Red Cross installed. Then they set up their twenty-four cots and they put in two fire-extinguishers and two lanterns. They use the lanterns in the air raids, when the electricity is turned off. Between every two cots they stand little bed-tables. When everything else is done, they stick a little vase of flowers on them and the ward is ready to receive its men. It sounds like sketchy kind of work, but I want to tell you that it's mighty comfortable."

Dr. Whiteside, who has the hospital in charge got the 500 beds installed in twenty-five days, in spite of the fact that he knew no French and his workmen knew not a word of English. Indeed, they were not even skilled men at their jobs, but were French poilus on leave or totally disabled for service.

Dr. Whiteside showed us the remainder of the hospital. A wooden shack with a brick chimney had been erected for the examining room. Adjoining it was a shower bath, with cement floors. The men were brought here as soon as they arrived. The war has brought into use a new verb, and the place to use it is here. In this immaculate room, the hospital "deloused" the men, bathed them, and took their histories.

By the time this article is printed, the Red Cross will have another room with even more the look of permanency about it than this one. It will make the hospital available for any case, however grave. They are at work now on fine operating quarters. These will be as perfect as any in America. And for a situation such as the one in Europe this hospital has an advantage over those at home. If it was put up rapidly, it can be taken down even more hastily. Give the Red Cross a few hours, and it can have the entire plant loaded on trucks for transportation. This hospital can follow the army anywhere!

Sunny Sardinia

SARDINIA has often been called the Ireland of Italy, partly because the island is separated into many local districts by differences of dialect and by the different origin of its people. The Carthaginians, Spaniards, Austrians, Genoese and others have, at one time or another, been in control of the island and naturally have left some imprint of their rule on the people, either in language or custom. But, however different the Sards may be in language or habit, they have one attribute in common that has brought them much renown, especially during the last four years: that is their splendid fighting spirits. The most honored brigade of the Italian Army to-day is the "*Brigata Sassari*," the so-called "Soldiers of Steel," from Sardinia.

On account of the bravery of their soldiers and to relieve the poverty and suffering caused by the war, the American Red Cross, through its Italian Commission, appropriated the sum of 250,000 lire (about

Crowd gathered at Santadi, Sardinia, to welcome the American Red Cross Commission—a crowd made up mostly of the wives and sisters of Italian soldiers at the front

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A Sard of Dorgali who has lost two sons at the front, and whose last son has just been called to arms

A Sardinian signorina from Desolo standing beside her home, built of stone and mud

$30,000) to be distributed among the needy families of the fighting men. This gift was so arranged, by consultation with the local authorities, that each family received from ten to twenty-five lire.

Charles W. Wright, American Red Cross Delegate for Sardinia, set out by motor to distribute the money. He says:

"In each town I would generally recommend to the town officials the forming of a committee to consist of the '*Sindaco*' or mayor, the parish priest, the doctor, and the commander of the *carabinieri* (police) who were to go over the lists of needy familes and distribute the funds, returning the lists signed by the individuals receiving the money and also signed by the committee. In this way a total of 17,500 families was reached and we received countless messages from the soldiers at the front, thanking us most gratefully for the help we had been able to give their families.

"As we approached most of the towns the population would be drawn up along the road and in the centre, usually blocking the way, would be the local officials and the flag bearers—in many cases carrying homemade United States flags especially and hastily 'manufactured' for the occasion. And what did it matter if occasionally the stripes ran vertical and not horizontal, or that but a few stars appeared on a rather greenish-blue sky?

"Of course we must needs leave the car and accompany the local dignitaries on foot to the 'Municipio', or town hall, with the band playing gaily ahead of us. Sometimes signorinas strewed our path with flowers and the school children would wave tiny flags as we passed. At one place the street had been carpeted with rose leaves and at another an old woman threw handfuls of grain at us, this being the height of courtesy in Sardinia. In yet other towns a guard of honor composed of old men in the picturesque costumes of the country would be lined up alongside the roads and, as we passed, would fire a salute from ancient and honorable shotguns.

"In thanking them for their welcome given to the American Red Cross we would offer them further assistance provided that they would organize local committees, particularly ladies' committees, to aid the soldiers' families, letting us know the number of soldiers' orphans in the town so that we might send sufficient cloth to be made into garments and also send flour and soap of which there was need. We also laid plans for the establishment, always with the help and coöperation of the people themselves, of '*asilos*', or *crèches*, where the small children could be taken care of while their parents harvested the crops.

"Another great aid for the soldiers' children are six summer camps which have room for from fifty to a hundred children at a time and are located either in the mountains or at the seashore near the principal cities. About one thousand children have been benefited at these camps during the past summer, at the expense of the American Red Cross.

"The people of Sardinia have been most enthusiastic and appreciative of the work of the American Red Cross, and the morale of the men at the front has been greatly aided by the fact that their families left behind are being well taken care of."

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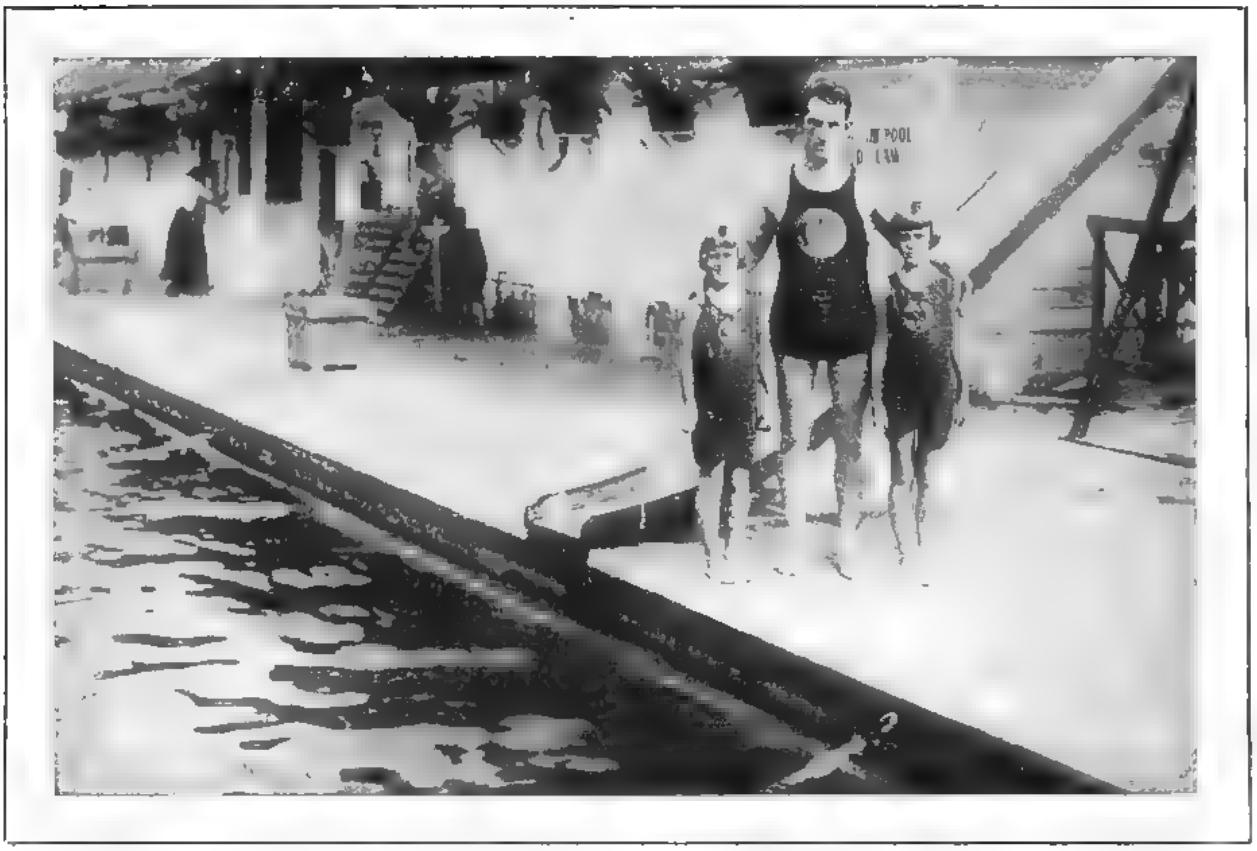
Swimming for the Red Cross



THESE two little girls," writes Mr. A. J. Grieser, their coach, "are the two greatest little swimmers of their age in the Canal Zone." Constance Sundquist, the younger, six years old, holds many records. She has done a one mile swim in 1 hour, 39 minutes and 25 seconds; has dived from a 34-foot tower; has won a Liberty Bond for swimming; and has carried a man weighing 180 pounds in a life-saving contest. The sister, Katherine Sundquist, eight years old, has covered a mile in 1 hour, 13 minutes and 45 seconds; has dived from a 28-foot board; and has "saved" a 180-pound man in a life-saving contest.

Together, they have given exhibitions in swimming, diving, and life saving before 15,000 people, for the Red Cross, for the Y. M. C. A., and for the Liberty Loan.

Vignettes from California

IN A huge touring car, Miss Alice Fleenor, of Piedmont, California, and a woman friend set out last spring from Pacific Division Headquarters to take the message of the Red Cross to the most isolated communities in California and Nevada. Through the mud, the sand, the rains, the snow, they motored. They were on a visit to the least traveled parts of the Division.

Miss Fleenor is a mechanic and expert driver as well as a speaker. It was in this case quite necessary that she should be, for occasionally she removed her special uniform, made of navy blue and flaming red with trench cap and cape, to don her mechanic's uniform and fix different parts of her car, damaged by the endeavor to make speed on country roads.

II

Until the Red Cross went to the Pano Indians they had never seen an automobile. It took an hour for the Red Cross speaker to win their confidence, so fearful were they of the "horseless carriage." Then one brave Indian maid climbed upon the running board, "tooted" the horn, and trust was established. The Red Cross worker was even able to get snapshots of the boys and girls. This, as is well known in Pano Indian land, the reservation several miles to the north

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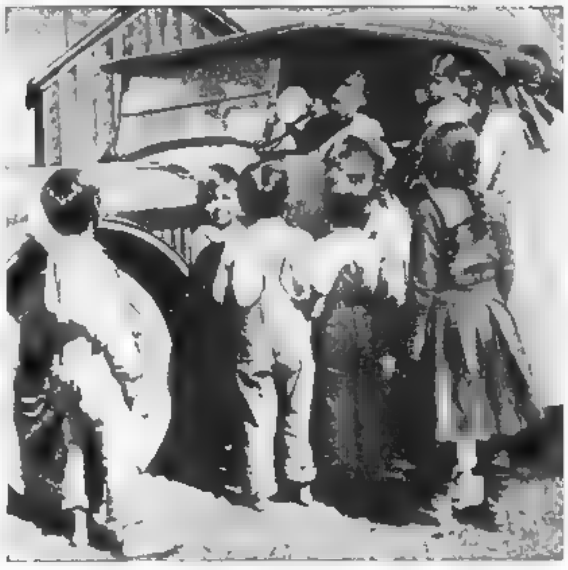
The " Big Chief" (the girl) and "Assistant Big Chief " of Pano Junior Chapter, elected for the duration of the war



The first automobile ever to go to the Pano Reservation in Lake County, California, carried the Red Cross flag

of Upper Lake, Lake County, California, destroys one's chances of getting to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Woman's rights are recognized on the Pano Indian Reservation, for when the boys and girls finally were made to understand what was wanted of them, they elected a pretty little Indian girl their "Big Chief." It is for "duration of big fight," too. They could not be brought to understand what a "chairman" is; for half an hour the Red Cross worker tried her best to explain. So they threw aside the white man's way of organizing and the "big chiefs" were installed in the Junior Chapter American Red Cross, Pano Indian Reservation. There are now twenty-two members in the Chapter.

III

Woodrow Saaki, of a small Sumati district school in Placer County, California, does not show his patriotism only in his name. Woodrow donated his horse after he heard a Red Cross speech. What to do with the animal proved a proposition to Miss Alice Fleenor and her companion. Woodrow guaranteed the horse "You just orter see him trot when his insides gets food," he said. The horse was accepted.

IV

In the mountains of California, the schools form a type all their own. It was to many of these that the Pacific Division sent its Red Cross car. Instead of the usual roll-call it isn't strange now to see each child hold up his Red Cross pin as his name is read. It is a dreadful thing to lose one's Red Cross pin! Children have been known to retrace many miles rather than spend a pinless day at school. These tots sometimes convert their parents to loyalty to the United States.

The scholars of a typical mountain school in California gathered around the Red Cross automobile

Woodrow Saaki and his gift to the Red Cross, donated after he had heard a Red Cross speech

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A Christmas Bazaar for Juniors

Detailed suggestions for the fall work of the Red Cross Juniors

THIS is the second of a series of monthly articles on the Junior Red Cross, recording its development and supplying material for an educational programme, the purpose being to carry information to general readers, teachers, and pupils. The first article appeared in October.

TO CHILDHOOD June brings one of the greatest days of the year—the day when school closes! Three long, carefree months filled with nothing but vacation, before the nine o'clock bell will ring again!

This was the meaning of summer to the boys and girls of America. But June, 1918, brought to the youths of America, as to their older brothers and sisters, responsibility and not leisure. Particularly true has this been of members of the Junior Red Cross.

To begin with, many of the schools did not close at the usual time, and those that did opened immediately thereafter, from three to five days a week, for Red Cross work. Thousands of teachers worked hard all summer, superintending eager groups of sewers or knitters. In Montana, Minnesota, and the Dakotas alone children turned out more than fifty thousand garments and many other supplies. In a number of places the boys worked all summer in the school workshops, making Red Cross house furniture and manufacturing novelties.

In towns where schoolrooms and teachers were not available for summer work, the boys and girls worked under the supervision of the Red Cross seniors. In the big cities when the schools closed, the playgrounds opened; and the school auxiliary merely changed its place of business. In some towns the juniors even blossomed out with their own headquarters in showrooms or stores in the business section. All over the land the clans of the Junior Red Cross rallied to knit and sew, to play Red Cross games, to sing and stage Red Cross pageants.

Besides their special work as school auxiliaries, the Juniors also devoted part of their vacation energy to proving themselves good Chapter members. A long list of cities reported messenger corps, two or more children on duty at headquarters every day to run errands, carry supplies and act as office boys. Under the slogan "Boost the Red Cross at all times," the children of Lynchburg, Va., collected current newspapers and periodicals for the canteen, ushered at patriotic meetings, and cheerfully assumed the "grubbier" household duties so that mother and sister could spend more time at the Chapter work room. In many places where municipal spring house-cleaning had been postponed, the school children ran a clean-up campaign in their spare moments, while "two-boy-power" carts rattled from alley to alley in search of "waste materials" to be turned into cash for the Red Cross.

The war garden with a red cross "planted" in the centre was a familiar sight this summer, on

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the city lot and along the country road. One town—Berkeley, California—boasted 2,500 of them. Sometimes the produce was sold for the Red Cross. Fitchburg High School girls raised two acres of vegetables for the municipal canning station. Pig, chicken, and potato clubs were formed throughout the great farming districts, dedicated to the service of the Red Cross. In the Puyallup Valley, in Washington, the girls harvested berries. The High School boys of the Northwest spent their vacation in the shipyards and salmon canneries. In Oregon the boys herded cattle and sheep. Throughout the South, children helped on the farm as part of their Red Cross service.

Established again in their rightful workshops—the schools boys, girls, and teachers are now beginning to plan the winter's programme. By the end of October the school auxiliary ought to be well organized; different kinds of "community service" undertaken, and the supply service gotten under way in coöperation with the local Chapter allotment.

As a protection against possible bankruptcy, December has been made Bazaar Month on the Junior Red Cross programme for 1918-1919. Here is a list of contributions to a bazaar in which all the public schools of a great city took part:

Art work of all sorts—pottery, hand-tooled leather, hammered brass and copper designs, jewelry, rag rugs of gingham and calico, portières, silk rugs, crocheted and woven articles, children's and infants' clothes, layettes, ready-to-wear wash garments for women, woven baskets, knitting and shopping bags; jams, jellies, canned fruit, pickled fruits, cakes, candies, candied fruit, plum pudding, Christmas cakes, wicker and wood furniture, packing cases, bread boards, crutches, wooden articles and toys of every description; hand-woven laces, runners, coverlets. (These articles were made at the schools composed largely of Italian, Russian, and Greek pupils.) Bazaars furnish excellent training in business methods, and provide a strong incentive for perfect work in art, manual training, sewing, and cooking classes.

The type of bazaar held depends, of course, on the size and needs of the community, the number of schools taking part, and their equipment. Single school sales are comparatively simple to handle. When all the schools of a city join in

A corner in the Milwaukee public school bazaar which was held in December of last year

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such a venture, they are confronted by real problems of business management. The following suggestions may be adapted "to scale."

There must be central management of a large bazaar in which many schools participate, and the superintendent of schools, or a representative appointed by him, is the logical head of it. The management of necessary activities is entrusted to committees of teachers, with student assistants, and principals are chosen as chairmen of these committees.

There should be the following committees: Publicity, equipment, decoration, reception of goods, pricing of goods, care of stock, salesmanship, floor management, and finance.

Advance advertising is most important. Posters, etc., should be displayed for at least two weeks before the bazaar opens. One special kind of advertising is assigned to each member of the Publicity Committee.

Have a display advertising company donate a number of large billboards, and find a printer who will be willing to make and contribute posters.

Get street-car cards made and put them in as many cars as possible. If possible, get two business firms to donate the printing and the car company's fee.

Persuade a local photographer to donate lantern slides and arrange to have them shown in moving picture houses during bazaar week.

Window cards should also be made for display in shop windows.

An empty shop or business office centrally located and of sufficient size for the stock and the crowd expected is the best place in which to hold the bazaar. If possible secure separate rooms for receiving goods, for selling goods, and keeping reserve stock. Such a place is usually secured rent free, with tables, showcases, chairs, screens, cloth for covering tables, etc. And free delivery can almost always be arranged.

The Decoration Committee takes charge of decorating the show rooms. Flowers and greens are apt to droop before the bazaar is over, but flags are effective and easily handled. They can be borrowed for the occasion.

All articles should be sent to the receiving room several days before the sale. Members of the Receiving Committee open all packages, take charge of due bills and inventories, and separate articles belonging to different departments—cooking, sewing, manual training, etc.

The Pricing Committee should include authorities on the work of all the departments contributing articles to the bazaar. The manual training department, the kindergartens, the special rooms for sub-normal children must be represented in the personnel of this committee. Small tags are used for marking the stock.

The Stock Committee takes charge of the duplicate articles sent to the stock room by the Receiving Committee. Before the bazaar opens all such articles are classified and priced. In this way orders for more stock from the sales room are filled quickly.

After the articles have been priced, separated according to class of articles or price, and assembled on different tables, they should be turned over to the Salesmanship Committee. The chairman acts as floor-walker. Each table is in charge of one committee member, whose business it is to inventory stock, arrange articles attractively, and secure salesmen. It is best to have teachers serve during the evening; children from the seventh and eighth grades and high schools may serve during the day on short shifts of four hours or less. All the schools participating are represented in this work. These salesmen may be selected in school by competitive exercises in arithmetic or oral composition on the qualifications of a good salesman.

The floor managers should secure Boy Scouts in uniforms to act as messenger boys and pages, and to be ready to help in all emergencies.

The Committee on Finances should take charge of the receipts from the bazaar and pay all expenses. Pencils, sales-slips, rubber stamps, and the use of a sufficient number of cash registers and adding machines are necessary. They should be donated by business firms. A simple system of keeping account of payments is as follows:

Each department in the bazaar has a different colored sales-slip. The clerk makes one out and gives it to the customer. The customer takes the slip to the cashier in that department who receives the proper amount and stamps the slip "paid." The customer returns the slip to the clerk and receives his purchase in exchange.

Cash registers are operated by High School students working on day or half-day shifts. The registers are checked up whenever a new shift of cashiers comes on duty. To keep track of the expenses of various departments, each school makes out "due bills" for the cost of materials used for the bazaar. These are classified according to department and after being approved by the proper supervisors, are paid by the treasurer of the Finance Committee. All money received is deposited in a bank and all bills are paid by checks. After all the receipts are in and all bills paid, an Auditing Committee is appointed to go over the treasurer's report.

Boys and girls have already proved that they can, in the ordinary pursuit of education, supply a city's toy-market. In October, 1917, pre-

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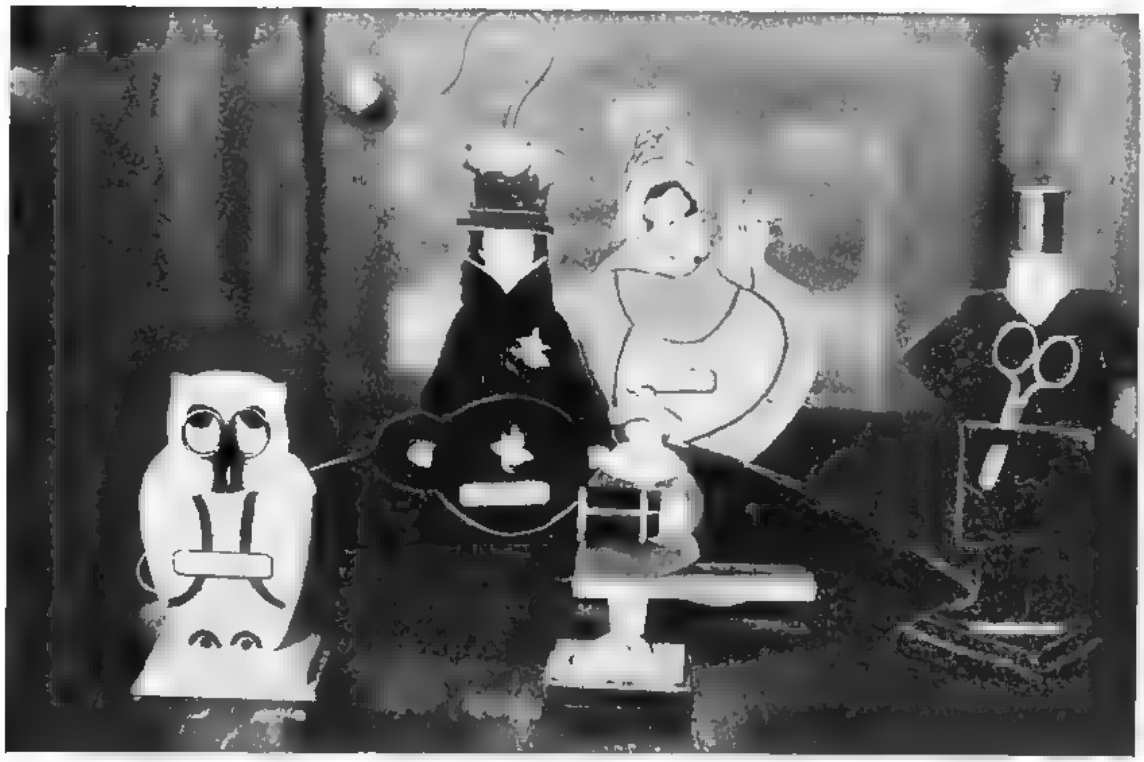

Toys are among the most attractive things that children can make for a December bazaar, and useful presents such as these are in great demand

dictions in Los Angeles were that the world's chief toy merchant would have to go into bankruptcy for lack of stock. When the Red Cross officials heard that rumor they went straight to Santa Claus' most intimate friends, the boys and girls (who, of course, were all Junior Members of the Red Cross) and asked them to go into partnership with them.

In a little while every school workshop in Los Angeles looked, sounded, and smelt like a toy shop. Children were busily tracing the designs on wood, cutting them out with scroll-saws, pounding nails, dabbling in glue, mixing paint, applying "primer", brushing on "enamel"—delving, in fact, into all the secrets of toy making. Two months later "the output" was arriving by the wagon-load at the big new Red Cross Shop in Los Angeles. By squads, by companies, by regiments, by divisions, the brilliant army was marshalled on wide gray shelves—Indians, policemen, soldiers, Red Cross nurses, geese, and rabbits, lions, chickens, rhinoceroses, and kittens, ducks and automobiles and elephants.

The shop was filled with all sorts of articles made in the schools; pottery, hand-tooled leather, hammered brass and copper, jewelry, rag rugs, woven baskets, knitting bags, furniture, hand-woven laces, jams, jellies, and cakes. More than 8,000 articles had been made in two months. Crowds of holiday shoppers came and went. On the night before Christmas the long shelves were bare. The children had helped Santa Claus and given the Red Cross a Christmas present of $1,586.

Los Angeles was not the only city where school children supplied the Christmas trade. The Milwaukee Public School Bazaar, although it lasted only one day, handled as many articles as the Los Angeles shop.

This Christmas the eight million members of the Junior Red Cross will give Santa Claus even greater help. From the opening of the schools until the day of the sale they will be preparing "stock" in art classes, in school workshops, in the sewing and millinery hours. They will do better school work than ever before to make their products the best in the market. They will put their hearts in this work for Santa Claus and Uncle Sam, and they will put many silver dollars in the Junior Red Cross School Fund.

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Our Distant Comrades

An interview with OTIS H. CUTLER, *Director of the Fourteenth Division of the American Red Cross,* by Francis R. Bellamy

Otis H. Cutler, a well-known New York business man, director in a dozen big corporations, whose wide vision and great capacity have built up the Fourteenth Division

LOVE of country doesn't die despite the years, the distance, the foreign surroundings. When the war began, the first question with which exiled Americans greeted the traveler as he stepped off the ship in Shanghai or Tokyo or Buenos Aires was: "What are the people at home doing?"

Thousands of miles from home, these Americans felt shut off from any participation in the war. Only vaguely did they know of the changes which were taking place in their home cities. An occasional letter might tell them that So-and-so, whom they remembered merely as closing the bank vaults on Saturday noons, was now doing duty on the bridge of a destroyer. From the papers they could gather that the men of Wall Street and of Hester Street alike were working now for their country and not for themselves.

The bigger side of things, however, was completely shut off from their sight. More than that was the sense of personal helplessness. How could they help, so far away? And they wanted to elp. They chafed under the yoke of inaction, aking occasional sporadic efforts

To-day all this is changed. The remark which greets the traveler now as he steps off ship is more likely to be: "Come with me to the Red Cross, and let me show you what we are doing."

Down in the farthest tip of the West Indies, for instance, where they point straight at Africa, there are a couple of Americans whose business is shipping salt. It is a far hail from their white, sun-baked Turk's Island to America at war, but these two now bridge the gap in their thoughts and work every hour. They belong to the American Red Cross.

Over in distant China, in Shanghai, in Nanking, and in various other cities, women of many groups have banded together to make bandages and sweaters which are now going to swell the supply of Red Cross material at Vladivostok and throughout Siberia. Their enthusiasm and loyalty overleap all such discouragements. Once their work begins arriving, they say to themselves, it will keep coming steadily. They belong to the American Red Cross.

Groups of Americans are thus working all through the Far East, in Japan, China, and

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Crowds in the streets leading to Akasuka Park, the famous recreation grounds at Tokyo, Japan

A snapshot taken by an American Red Cross man showing Chinese on their way to a Red Cross meeting

A faithful and efficient band of Junior Red Cross workers in Manila

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Siberia, in the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, in South America, the Caribbean and the Canal Zone.

For Americans far from home, indeed, the question of what to do for America in this world war has been answered by the Red Cross in providing an avenue of practical service. These distant comrades of ours are mobilized, as are the rest of us here in the United States. How has this come about, this mobilization of Americans scattered all over the world?

Well, the man who organized it will tell you modestly that he had very little to do with it; that he and his associates in Washington merely provided an outlet for the intense patriotic spirit of distant Americans who everywhere were watching anxiously for a chance to help their country. This, however, is an understatement of the case.

A map of the world showing the wide sweep of the Four- and branches scattered throughout twenty-six countries. money alone, these Americans contributed nearly two

Last fall, the Red Cross was uncertain of what might lie before it in the immediate future. Calls for assistance from the countries in the European theatre of war seemed to be almost endless. In this country the activities of millions of people overlapped and clashed. Added to these uncertainties, day by day the Red Cross Commissioners to Europe took over staggering obligations in France and Italy and passed them on to the War Council in Washington.

It was at this moment that Mr. Otis H. Cutler, a prominent business man of New York, was commandeered by the War Council to come to Washington and put into practical operation his vision of the world-wide campaign to extend the American spirit into foreign lands. Here in America, we had seen the Red Cross spirit grow, broaden, sweep into a wide-spread wave of helpfulness and sacrifice. Could not that enthusiasm be spread to our people in other lands and slowly encircle the whole world?

It was with this in mind, then, that Mr. Cutler was induced by the War Council to organize the Insular and Foreign Division along lines, so far as practicable, corresponding to the thirteen territorial divisions of the Red Cross already organized in the United States. To-day the American Red Cross has nearly one hundred and fifty outlying chapters and branches scattered throughout twenty-six countries of the globe, with a membership of more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand men, women, and children. These are all full Red Cross members and do not include the associate members as, for instance, in China, where perhaps fifty thousand Chinese have already become associates. In money alone, to say nothing of all the vast amount of work done in surgical dressings and other supplies, these Americans contributed nearly two million dollars to the Second Red Cross War fund.

How has that been done? By the Americans of these distant chapters alone? Or has there been some assistance from Washington?

As I asked these questions, Mr. Cutler leaned back in his chair, in his office in Washington, his eyes on the little flags on the map of the world which indicate the Red Cross foreign chapters.

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teenth Division. There are now 150 outlying chapters with two hundred and twenty-five thousand members. In million dollars to the Second Red Cross War Fund

"Well, we had our job cut out for us at the beginning," he admitted with a smile. "There were so many difficulties and we had so many troubles that I can't remember them all now. But we kept at it, tying up the loose strings, getting into communication with the consuls and the women's clubs and all the American societies. We sent out field representatives and appointed the best people who were already on the ground, secured the coöperation of the foreign governments and the foreign Red Cross organizations, and just generally made a big drive to let every American everywhere know that we needed him and he needed us.

"That's really all there was to it for us. The result has been just what one would expect." A note of conviction crept into his voice.

"The real meaning of the thing, however, can't be expressed in terms of money, nor even in terms of work accomplished. The thing that I begin to see coming out of it now goes beyond the question of money and supplies. We are accomplishing now the breaking down of the prejudices of humanity everywhere.

"It is difficult for us in this country to realize what a tremendous step it is when the wife of the Japanese Governor goes to an American Red Cross workroom in Japan and works with Japanese and American women on a basis of equality. The same thing is true in Honolulu, in Manila, and in many of the Chinese cities where the Chinese themselves are entering into the Red Cross spirit in our American workrooms. People of many lands, with many diverse ideas, are broadening their points of view.

"To the American himself the thing, spiritually, has been like being born again. He has been brought home in spirit, and made to realize a new sense of responsibility and obligation to his fellow men. In doing unselfish work, he has gotten a different view of his neighbors and they of him. The result of it has been to make him a better man in every way.

"The situation in China is particularly interesting. Those collections of money for starving Chinese, which many of us can remember were taken in the evenings in the church back home, are being repaid now with interest. At the headquarters that the Chinese have established in Shanghai to assist us, you will be quite likely to see a Chinese merchant or manufacturer counting out, in dimes or coppers, money that he and his employees have contributed—yes, down to the humblest five-dollar-a-month coolie—in order that suffering in other parts of the world may be alleviated. In a great many Chinese cities, Red Cross branches are open and in operation. The story of the Red Cross is becoming a familiar one all over the Far East.

"The result is most interesting. Not only has our foreign work shown to the Chinese the American genius for organization, but the purpose back of our work has brought home to them the one great ideal of the Allies in this war. China, intelligent China, has been studying the

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A Junior Red Cross parade in Juncos, Porto Rico. Porto Rico has 68,000 junior members who have just contributed three ambulances for foreign service

The Red Cross tent at an industrial fair held on the Island of Guam, where they have an alert and very efficient Red Cross Chapter

war and the causes back of it and has been analyzing the ideals of the Allies. The Red Cross has brought those ideals to them in action. One of the leading Chinese said, in a speech in China a little while ago, that China certainly had something to learn from a country which could organize many millions of people into the greatest humanitarian movement the world has ever seen. You can see the effect it is having on their thinking."

From the basket on his desk Mr. Cutler drew forth some letters.

"To each single American, as he does his work, there is visible, of course, no such definite result. I only wish that each one of them could see the big side of it as it presents itself to us here in Washington. There is a group of Japanese workers, for instance, in Hawaii, who are insatiable in their demands for 'Please, more soldier clothes to sew.' They are sending one hundred and sixty-five pajama suits monthly to Honolulu. n one way their contribution is just as valuable i any that emanates from one of our great merican chapters.

"The response from South America, too, has been just what might have been expected of our neighbor Americans in the southern hemisphere.

"Indeed, it was a South American organization which really gave the Fourteenth Division its first vision of future usefulness. In the fall of 1917, an organization of American women residing in Buenos Aires managed a bazaar, which was launched with such splendid spirit and so efficiently conducted that the net proceeds amounted to $105,000.

"The receipt of this sum was the most significant event in the early history of the Fourteenth Division. It gave eloquent and concrete expression to the glowing patriotism which animated our citizens in distant lands; and revealed a source of assistance, the value of which we had not begun to realize and the importance of which each succeeding month has emphasized.

"With what generosity South America responded to the Second War Fund Drive can best be shown by the contribution of Valparaiso and neighboring coast towns. In this district there

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were less than two hundred American residents, yet the check which reached us from the chairman of the Red Cross Chapter at Valparaiso read, '$118,000.'

"The children, too, have the same spirit as our own juniors, oftentimes without an accompanying realization of other things." Mr. Cutler smiled. "Out in Pahala, in the Hawaiian Islands, the other day three small boys of the Junior Auxiliary there gave so little consideration to the owner of some chickens that they stole the birds and sold them! They were so eager to secure funds for supplies that they didn't stop to think. The Red Cross is very real to those boys, despite the wrongheadedness of this particular action.

"So in no part of our work at Division Headquarters have we taken greater pleasure than in that devoted to Junior Membership. Porto Rico alone boasts of 68,000 Junior Members, and they have just sent us a check with which to purchase three ambulances for foreign service.

"Indeed, this spirit of sacrifice from even the smallest children is shown by Juniors everywhere. Out in an institution in China, for instance, one little girl who had fifty cents a month for her support said, 'I can live on thirty cents a month. I will give twenty cents to the Red Cross.'

"Here is a letter I have just had from an American woman in Honduras, Central America, who has lived for more than a year in an outlying mining district and is now locating in Tegucigalpa, which is the most inaccessible of all the Central American capitals:

> There are no railroads. It is a hundred miles from the Pacific Coast and five days on mule back from the Atlantic, but as a member of the American Red Cross I am desirous of doing more work than I have had the opportunity to do before, so I am very glad to get here, where I can get in touch with you again direct and do something for my country.

"It is only one amongst hundreds of letters, all of which point a very plain moral. The writers are provided at last with the outlet they so eagerly desired.

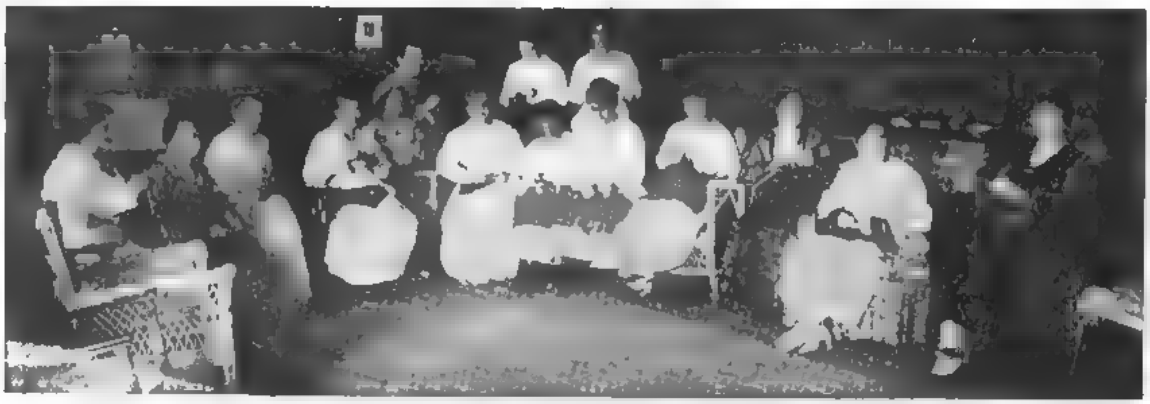
"Our Home Service and Civilian Relief," continued Mr. Cutler, "has brought the spirit of usefulness and goodwill close to the hearts of many people.

"Porto Ricans, who have left their families to enter military service, have found that their homes were well cared for and every emergency met, through this department. From end to end the island is now dotted with branches of the Red Cross, each rendering helpful service to the families whose men are absent. In all our island territories similar service is also rendered.

"There are a large number of soldiers in our army who have families living in other countries, such as Greece, Italy, and even China. All of them are cared for through our Division, and many requests for aid are being received. In England and Ireland also many people are being cared for in this way. Through our Home Service we are even reaching places so remote that in one case it takes four months for a letter to be delivered. Homes buried in rough mountain trails have been visited when our assistance has been called for. It is interesting to think that in such distant places people are grasping the outstretched, friendly hand of this Division. From Norway and Sweden to the tropics, Home Service calls are received, and it is gratifying to know that we can be of help.

"In case of disaster, like the typhoon at Guam, the cable can, if necessary, immediately place our assistance at the disposal of the authorities.

"In the situation which is rapidly developing



The San José section of the Costa Rica chapter knitting for the American soldiers

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in Siberia and the Far East, our organization is beginning to be of quite unexpected use, too. We had our first taste of it the other day when Secretary Daniels brought to our attention the fact that an American man-of-war was caring for eighty-three wounded Czechoslovaks, but that the facilities of the warship were quite inadequate for the rapidly increasing number of wounded.

"Through our foreign chapters, we immediately instituted relief measures and we found our organizations in Japan and China on tiptoe with eagerness to assist. We requested Dr. R. B. Tuesler, head of St. Luke's Hospital at Tokyo, to hasten to Vladivostok with all necessary hospital supplies and personnel and assume charge of the relief work.

"Within ten days a hospital of one hundred bed capacity, with a complete staff of doctors and nurses, was in full operation on Russian Island in Vladivostok Harbor—one of the quickest long-range jobs ever accomplished, and one, certainly, that spoke wonders for the American spirit on the other side of the globe. To-day, the Red Cross hospital trains and service are following the Czechoslovaks in their great fight for freedom. And this is just the beginning, of course.

"The future is plain. It points unmistakably to the new demands which are going to be made on our newest and farthest away division. Food and clothing in large quantities will be required for the Czechoslovak forces, as well as supplies of a non-military nature. The refugee work during the coming winter promises to strain every resource of the far eastern chapters, as thousands have been driven from their homes by the advancing Bolsheviki, who have laid waste the crops. Supplies will be needed, also, for the American troops who have landed at Vladivostok. We are beginning even now to provide the same camp service for the American troops in Siberia that is accorded their brothers-in-arms in France and the United States. This must be extended so that the distance between Siberia and home will be reduced as much as possible.

"This military relief work, indeed, is rapidly assuming proportions which will make a heavy demand upon Americans all through the foreign division. Americans at home, reading of the armies in France, find it difficult to realize that there are thousands of American troops stationed in so many corners of the world. The Fourteenth Division of the Red Cross is beginning to realize it to the full.

"You can rest assured, however, that whatever demands may be made upon us, they will be met. No one, indeed, is happier to meet them than these thousands of our distant comrades. The American at 'the end of the world' is ready to do his part as a member of the American Red Cross, and the Fourteenth Division stands ready to help him do it."

The Yokohama Women's Auxiliary of the American Red Cross making bandages and hospital supplies at the American Naval Hospital in Yokohama

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Strong Life—Long Life

Protect Yourself!

By Franklin H. Martin, M. D.

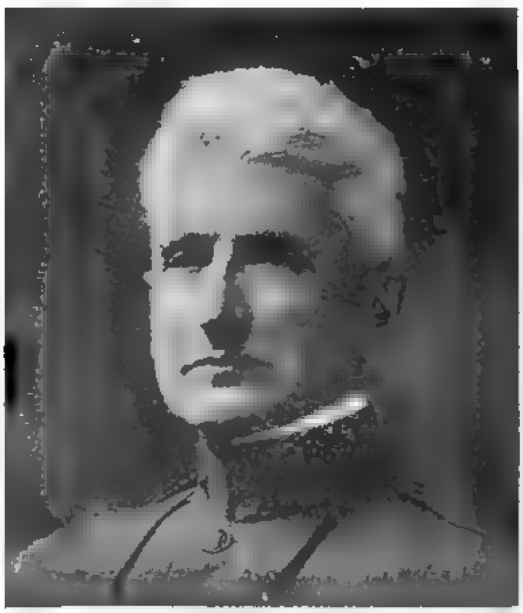
Major, Medical Reserve Corps

TAKE care! Be quick! Learn at once the principles of health protection. Our doctors must be spared for the front. Find a safe shelter from disease. When the great super-siren of Paris screams out that an air-raid is impending, the warning to take shelter against loss of life is passed from man to man: "Alerte—Alerte!" *That is,* "*Up! Look out! Save yourself!*"

Major Franklin H. Martin, the prominent Chicago surgeon who was appointed by President Wilson to organize the country's medical forces for war, sounds an important warning on behalf of the folks at home, whose health, he says, must be protected.

NEXT to the sending of our boys to war, the giving of our family doctors to the battle fronts will be regarded as one of our greatest sacrifices. And doctors and more doctors is the increasing cry; civilians at home must release American physicians for greater duties in Europe, and it is to this fact that the members of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense are giving primary consideration. Our boys must be protected.

At the same time the health and welfare of our home citizens must not be imperiled. We have constantly, in this country, approximately 3,000,000 sickbeds. A careful survey has shown that one-half of these are unnecessary. They do not arise from conditions beyond control, but are simply the result of ignorance and carelessness. One million five hundred thousand people who are now sick might, therefore, have been well if each had had, and practised, a fundamental knowledge of the simple laws of hygiene and sanitation. This slight medical information may be easily obtained through the medical profession, the public clinics, the libraries, our Government, and the many health societies that are constantly at the service of those seeking knowledge of health.



Major Franklin H. Martin, M.D., of the Council of National Defense

Such self-protection would release for the front many doctors who are now doing work that, in comparison with war service, ought to be unnecessary; and it will, incidentally, save the country the $1,500,000,000 now annually lost by needless illness.

In my work at Washington, I had an opportunity to observe one of the very common ways in which not only home medical service is overburdened, but individual efficiency is wasted. Among the many thousand men and women who went to that city for war work, many of them were "dollar-a-year" workers—individuals who were giving their services to the country out of patriotic ardor, whose willingness to sacrifice themselves often knew no bounds. Many of them were so eager to give to the limit of their endurance that, in a short time, their health broke down and they had to give up work.

Such men and women think they must keep on

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working to the point of exhaustion in order to show an appreciative decency to our soldiers and sailors. It would be just as sensible if the people of Paris courted disaster from air raids because many of their countrymen were being killed in No Man's Land. When the man at home slaughters his own health and efficiency even though he does it in good patriotic faith, he is not sustaining the soldier's strength and morale and adding power to his bayonet, but he is increasing his burdens and losses. His health and highest working efficiency should be conserved for continuous service as the need for it constantly increases.

In the army, wilful exposure to possible illness is a military offense. The soldier has no right to risk damage to his fighting machine. He is not allowed to take the chance of falling sick with typhoid or with smallpox, for instance, but is required to submit to protective measures against such diseases. Hygienic habits of eating, sleeping, bathing, and exercise are demanded of him, to develop his resistance to disease and to promote his maximum force and efficiency. At home each man is custodian of his own personal forces. Especially in time of war has he no right to risk their damage or to lay an unnecessary burden on the country's medical resources.

The hygienic habits which are taught to boys are safe and effective ones for the civilian to adopt, and will largely insure him against ill health while the doctor is away. What is hygienic for one man, however, is not necessarily healthful for another. It is always a good idea, therefore, to commence with the same full physical examination that the soldier is given, and thus learn the exact condition of your own human machine. If a heart lesion exists, the work and exercise will vary considerably from that for the man who is sound. If the kidneys are found damaged, the dietetic régime must be modified to meet the shortcoming.

The healthy soldier is given, first of all, a balanced ration, moderate in meat or eggs or cheese, and generous in vegetables, milk, greens, and fruit. He is allowed plenty of sleep; he is taught the habit of frequent bathing; and he is put through a course of exercises for developing every muscle in his body. Thus the heart and all the vital organs, and the body's resistance to disease, are developed to their maximum efficiency.

Whether in peace or war, every man should possess a working knowledge of the ways for keeping well. The enemies to health are tireless and ceaseless.

The Man Who Will Live

By Emily Frances Robbins

OFTEN I have seen a man who had lost both hands and one eye being cheered and conforted and encouraged by a comrade who had lost not only both hands but both eyes."

It was the eminent French surgeon, Dr. Dehelley, telling me a little about his war experience. His official title is "*Médecin major de 2ème classe Debelley.*" He has seen active service in different types of hospitals at the front clear through to the first dressing station.

"I remember two men lying in adjoining beds," Major Dehelley continued. "They were hand grenade cases. Every now and then an accident occurs from throwing one of these bombs. The soldier grasps it in his two hands, and in order to throw it properly he makes a pass in such a way that occasionally the thing explodes. In these accidents usually his left hand is destroyed, the right hand very nearly so; generally the left eye is injured, and sometimes both eyes are lost. I happen to recall these two men in particular because one was joking and keeping up the spirits of the other. Oh yes, it was the totally blind one who was trying to comfort the other fellow. It is often so.

"No, I do not remember the jokes," he said in answer to my request for them. "It is very difficult to remember details because that sort of experience is frequent with doctors at the front. It is so common that we do not note the specific words, the particular name of the patient, or how he looked. Such courage and cheerfulness are displayed every day, every hour."

"Can you not remember a specific case of marked fortitude in the face of mutilation and disablement?" I urged. "Has not your heart been particularly touched by the moral heroism of some particular soldier? Such cases must be occurring every day among our own soldiers who are returning wounded."

"That is true," he replied, "but in America, after one year or more of war, you have two or perhaps three thousand disabled to care for, distributed over a large territory. But in France, in a comparatively small space, we have had three hundred thousand after one battle. Ah, there it is one sees the heroism, the courage; there indeed one is touched by their cheerfulness."

I asked this noted surgeon if there was any one thing that his experience had shown him a sick soldier could do for himself to promote his own recovery, if there was some hygienic measure that he had observed the soldier to practise with good effect which might be applied by the civilian at home. We had talked at length by this time, so that I had had an opportunity to observe for myself his high scientific standards. A hygienic hint from such a man would of course be of extraordinary value. "Was there any one thing that impressed you, more than another," I asked, "as being important in helping a man to get well?"

"The most striking characteristic by which we judge whether a seriously ill man will live or die," he told me, "is his spirit, his morale. When the man's courage is low, then we fear for his life. When he keeps himself cheerful, when his morale is good, even though he is physically very ill, we have confidence. Experience has taught us this. We do not realize that it is astonishing, as you say it is, what a difference the spirit makes; it is a commonplace with us. We go to the bedside and we say, 'Ah, he is cheerful—he will live!'"

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"Yanks"—The Only Name that Sticks

None of the others has found favor with our American fighting men from the North, South, East and West

NOW that American soldiers are known as Yanks everywhere in Europe, it seem strange that anybody ever tried to fasten other names on them. Yet there were many shortlived movements to disprove in this case the old axiom that a lasting nickname must be spontaneous, not artificial. *The Red Cross Magazine* has received from Heywood Broun, long a correspondent with our men at the front, the following account of those futile efforts:

When the first division of the A. E. F. set sail for France, it forgot to pack a name with the rest of its equipment. The omission was not discovered until the troop ships were three days out. Major General William L. Sibert posted the following notice:

"The English soldier is called 'Tommy,' the French soldier is called 'Poilu.' We would like suggestions for a fitting name for the American soldier."

Suggestions came fast enough, but they were scattering. Some of the names, such as "Gringo," evidently originated along the Mexican border. Others seemed pure inventions—for instance, "Red Avengers." "Sammy" was not mentioned, and only one man in the whole division took the trouble to suggest "doughboy." The men were using this word as a matter of course and never thought of it as a nickname.

Nothing on the list of suggestions appealed to the general or his staff, and they decided to let the French name the Americans. The first company had just swung into step up one of the main streets of the landing port when an excited Frenchman cried, "*Vive les Teddies!*" The French public seized upon the name eagerly, and it was as "Teddies" that the troops were hailed when they marched in Paris on the Fourth of July. But before the name was well established General Pershing told some of the newspapermen that he didn't think it quite suited the need. He suggested that they think up something on their own account, and Henri Bazin, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, asked, "How about Sammies from Uncle Sam?"

The general thought that it might do, and the combined press forces of America undertook to put this name over to the American people. It occurred again and again in almost every story sent from France to America; but suddenly the war correspondents found that, in spite of the vast publicity machinery which they controlled, the word was not holding up. No matter what the rest of the world did, the soldiers would have none of this name. Somehow they all felt that it had a curious belittling sound. There was nothing virile to Sammy as there was to Tommy. One officer explained that he didn't like the word because, at the West Point mess, the slang for molasses was "Sammy." He had been out of the Academy for twelve years but, he declared, even yet the word gave him a sticky feeling!

All the time "doughboy" went on. The newspaper men were familiar with this nickname, but it was not until late in the summer that they began to realize its availability for copy. There was the handicap that "doughboy" applied only to the infantryman, but for a time the name seemed to have been adopted as applying to all American fighting men.

The next stage in the development of a real nick-name for the American army is outlined in this editorial article from *The Stars and Stripes*, under the title, "Yanks It Is."

Nicknames are not manufactured. When they are, the "nick" doesn't stick. The world's greatest thinkers couldn't plaster a nickname on the American Army that would stick ten minutes.

For the American Army has already received its nickname over here that nothing can shake loose.

It is "Yanks."

It wasn't manufactured for the American Army, it wasn't carefully thought out by any pre-arranged mental drive. It was just the nickname every one over here took for granted.

Yanks no longer means a soldier of the North. It means a soldier from the United States—North, South, East or West, so long as he wears the khaki of Uncle Sam and battles, or works, under the old flag. It means Dixie and Yankee Doodle rolled into one.

"Sammy" was a joke and a painful one. "Buddy" failed to land. One nickname alone has stood the shell-fire of discussion. It is Yanks—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American.

You can't manufacture a nickname in a century, but one can be hooked to you in a day. Yanks it is!

Finally, on August 14, 1918, the army's Chief of Staff, General Peyton C. March, semi-officially sanctioned "Yanks" and threw "Sammy" into the discard.

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The March of the Red Cross

A RED CROSS host is pouring into Europe to-day. Steadily the number of workers is increasing. In England there are fifteen hundred, in France five thousand, in Italy another thousand, to say nothing of Palestine, Serbia, Russia, and Switzerland.

The American army, a fiftieth of the population of this country, has landed on European shores to help bring defeat to the Hun. With it is going the army of the Red Cross At the rate of five hundred a month its members are crossing the ocean on their way to first-aid stations, where they will give constant attention to the soldiers passing to and fro between the firing lines and the rear; on their way to the many canteens, to the hospital huts, to drive camions, to become searchers in hospitals, to serve in airplane huts, etc.

In and about Paris alone the Red Cross now has more than seven thousand hospital beds available for English and American wounded, and all the beds are occupied. Every Red Cross truck and camion is hurrying emergency supplies to the army hospitals. During the recent offensive the Red Cross sent in one day seven tons of surgical dressings and five tons of diet foods to the principal evacuation hospitals.

Our medical offices, storehouses, and pharmacies are being operated day and night Fifty gallons of alcohol, two thousand doses of tetanus antitoxin, dozens of surgical instruments, several gross of surgical needles and operating material—this is a typical emergency supply load sent by the Red Cross to the Medical Corps of the Army.

In every hospital in France and England, where a sick or wounded American soldier arrives, there is now a Red Cross worker to visit him. In England the number of soldiers thus visited every month amounts to five thousand.

With the increase of the Red Cross personnel in Great Britain, also, our work there has gradually extended until the system of Red Cross relief is ready for action in a hundred places stretching from the Irish coast to the embarkation piers on the English Channel. At our Irish stations six thousand shipwrecked Americans can be outfitted from head to foot in case of emergency. At more than fifty of the small camps for American soldiers, particularly for aviators, which have been recently opened throughout Great Britain and which are far distant from military hospitals, small tent hospitals have been set up by the Red Cross.

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In addition to the large wards which have been added to the old hospitals in England three more hospitals are under way—one in London, the military hospital at Sarisbury near Southampton, and the Windsor Park Hospital, given by the King. Gradually a system of warehouses is being established to take care of all the many things—such as sweaters, socks, tobacco—which are distributed to our soldiers and sailors in Great Britain. Only the canteen service lags, due to the almost endless difficulties in shipping. Soon, however, it is hoped that the Red Cross will be able to take care in every way of the rapidly increasing American forces in England.

Only American Surgical Dressings Used in France

TO THE American Red Cross as to the American army, indeed, the demands of the war have called for a constant doing of the impossible, a constant revision of plans for the future. Three hundred Ford cars a month until 1,500 have been sent; 300,000 shirts, 500,000 sheets, 250,000 war slippers—this is the scale upon which the Red Cross is purchasing and sending supplies abroad to-day. Where surgical dressings are concerned a recent decision of the French War Department has given the Red Cross a new responsibility. Throughout forty-five hundred French hospitals in all the eighty-three departments of France, American Red Cross surgical dressings will hereafter be used instead of the French dressings. One of the reasons for this decision was the splendid condition in which our dressings arrive in France.

Only those supplies, however, which are directly needed for the aid of the Army are being rushed overseas just now.

The refugees, however, are being cared for temporarily during this military emergency. Near the station at Rouen we have built a series

Two old French refugees welcomed by American Red Cross canteen workers, on their arrival from the invaded districts, at the Gare du Nord in Paris

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of barracks where a thousand refugees can be received at once. Seats have been provided for four hundred people; and there are a restaurant, a dispensary, and a dining room seating two hundred and fifty.

Out in the French villages, where more permanent work is possible, the refugees have been placed in comfortable stone houses made over by the Red Cross, where they are making grass mats for the French army and supporting themselves on the proceeds. To thousands of such people the Red Cross is giving garments, furniture, bedding and household linen, farm implements, and so forth. During the month of August, indeed, the Red Cross extended aid to nearly four hundred thousand civilians.

In Switzerland the work of relief for American prisoners in Germany is proceeding rapidly. Notifications are coming to the Red Cross in Berne of the arrival of Americans in prison camps at Rastatt, Lamsdorf, Darmstadt, Giessen, Limberg, etc.

Arrangements have been completed with all the French committees at the various German prison camps to supply food and clothing from their reserve stocks until the Germans notify us at Berne of the new arrivals at their camps. These committees are reporting regularly the names of all American prisoners.

Twenty Millions for Italy

IN ITALY sixteen portable canteens are now carrying the American flag and friendship among the Italian soldiers in the front-line trenches, each one serving an average of more than fifteen hundred men a day. Not one of these canteens ever reaches the same soldiers oftener than once a week. At a very recent date all except five of the kitchens were serving on the first line. Of the five kitchens which were temporarily doing rear-line work, two were in

The Misses Lansing, sisters of Mr. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, nursing American wounded at American Military Hospital No. 1

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Dr. Benness and her assistant explaining child hygiene to mothers at the American Red Cross Child Welfare Exhibition at St. Etienne

active towns behind the Piave line; another was located in the same district on a much-used road and was serving three thousand men a day; the fourth was under heavy bombardment; and only the fifth was temporarily in repose.

Behind the lines our canteens and rest houses in Northern Italy are being used by American and Allied troops as well as by the Italians. In the canteens at junction points Italian soldiers on leave are made comfortable. From the Piave to Palermo, for instance, is an eight-hundred-mile journey. It takes a Sicilian soldier on furlough six days to travel this distance, a nightmare of delay, fatigue, and occasional hunger. It is not an exaggeration to say that the Red Cross canteens really make such a visit possible and worth while to a tired soldier.

One of our most important activities during the past summer has been the establishment of health colonies for children at various seaside and mountain resorts. The value of these has been inestimable. The camps are located throughout Italy —in the mountains around Florence, on the shore at Taormina, in Tuscany and Sicily and Sardinia.

Here are a few instances of other Red Cross activities which are being undertaken in Italy. In the little mountain town of Riofreddo, the old Garibaldi home now contains a clinical hospital for the poor of the village. It is filled with surgical dressings and bandages supplied by our workrooms in Rome. In Leghorn we have broken, for once, the ordinary line of emergency relief which is our policy in Italy, and have built a permanent one-story school for one hundred orphans of Italian soldiers.

In Leghorn we have provided ten villas, with a large one, like a castle, dominating the rest, to accommodate two thousand refugees from the Piave. Such industries as shoemaking, carpentry, woodworking, and sewing are being conducted so that these people may make themselves self-supporting. Two hundred and twenty children, part of the colony, are being fed by the Red Cross and looked after by Catholic sisters.

The most important problem, however, which has confronted the Red Cross lately in its work in Italy, has been tuberculosis. With the appropriation of $1,100,000, which has recently been

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made, a beginning will be attempted. Ten traveling automobile dispensaries—three completely equipped for dental work and the others for general medical work—and fourteen motion-picture machines have been shipped with the equipment of the medical unit which will undertake the work. The movement has the fullest support of the Italian Government.

Relief distributed to nearly 400,000 needy families of soldiers, forty-one kitchens contributing to the comfort and support of 131,000 families, forty-three workrooms employing 3,000 women, eighty-two nurseries caring for 13,000 children, nineteen health centres containing 8,000 children, besides a colony for refugees at Pisa, canteen and hospital and ambulance work—these are some of the reasons for the Italian budget of $20,000,000, which is the contribution of the American Red Cross to Italy for this year.

In Palestine the work takes shape and form. Under the leadership of Col. Finley, and in co-operation with the British military authorities, the industrial and relief work already begun at the large Armenian refugee camp at Port Said is progressing vigorously. In and around Jerusalem medical, social, and industrial relief for refugees is being assumed. In the city itself a general dispensary, a hospital, and a children's clinic have been established.

Seven hundred women have been given employment in newly opened workrooms where they are sewing, knitting, and weaving for the Red Cross. Four hundred orphans, victims of the Turkish retreat, have been taken in charge, as have also about three hundred Russian refugees.

Russia—The Newest Problem

ON THE other side of the world, meanwhile, the newest chapter in the story of the Red Cross is being written. Without an instant's delay the Red Cross has gone to the aid of the Czechoslovak soldiers, who have reached Vladivostok after desperate fighting against pro-German forces and who, with the aid of loyal Russians are holding Siberia for the Allies.

More than twenty thousand Czechoslovak refugees, four thousand of them children, are now being cared for by the Red Cross at Vladivostok. Hundreds of wounded soldiers are also being treated by Dr. R. B. Teusler, of Tokyo, who has perfected a medical and hospital organization in the Siberian city.

On the fighting front, as the Allies and the Czechoslovaks carry it westward, the Red Cross is at work. Following the line of the army are two sanitary trains, a first-aid unit, a disinfecting train, a rolling canteen, and a base hospital with bed capacity for two hundred. From the chapters in the Far East and from America, the nurses and doctors of the Red Cross are on their way with more assistance.

In the future lies the problem of refugee relief, a problem brought about by the extensive destruction of household effects by the Bolsheviki. Ten thousand refugees must be provided for in the trans-Baikal region. In many towns the population is in great distress.

Fifty Thousand Helping in Home Service

IN THIS country, day by day the organization of the Red Cross grows more efficient. More than three hundred thousand families of American men in service have been relieved, by the Home Service, of money troubles, legal difficulties, family worries, and depressing loneliness. Into remote communities, where there has never been organized social effort before, this branch of Red Cross activities is extending. More than fifty thousand men and women are serving on its ten thousand committees. By January 1st a total of nearly six million dollars will have been spent, and the monthly burden will be approximately a million dollars. Two thousand men and women are serving as secretaries in this work, which has developed to such proportions that nearly a thousand communications daily pass between Red Cross Headquarters in Washington and the American army in France, seeking to allay the depression and worry of the soldiers abroad and to solve the problems of the families left behind in this country.

This is the true spirit of the Red Cross and of America itself in action.

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